

A POEM AND SOME NEW BOOKS.

Several weeks ago I said to Age readers that we would drop the maddening problems for a moment and go back to poetry. The decision must have pleased some of our readers because the writer received several pleasant letters on the departure. The decision was prompted by the reading of a wonderful little poem by Louis Untermeyer, which was reprinted in this column.

One of the letters we received was from a young colored poet of Greater New York. In his letter this young poet stated his belief that he could write good poetry, "yes, as good as the poem 'Ishmael,' by Mr. Louis Untermeyer." He also expressed the opinion that editors do not read the poems sent in by unknown writers but throw them in the waste basket. To substantiate his claim that he could write as good poetry as Louis Untermeyer, he sent in one of his poems. The poem is not, by any measure, perfect, but it is good. It will be printed in The Age at some time, but I do not reproduce it in this connection because of the handicap which the young poet placed upon himself by the comparison he drew.

In reproducing Mr. Untermeyer's poem, I stated the wish that some colored poet had expressed for the Negro what Mr. Untermeyer had expressed for the Jew. Strange, the thing had already been done. The poem is by Roscoe C. Jamison and appears in the current issue of The Crisis. I reproduce it here and it suffers no whit by comparison with Mr. Untermeyer's "Ishmael"; indeed, I consider it a greater poem.

NEGRO SOLDIERS.

By Roscoe C. Jamison

These truly are the Brave,
These men who cast aside
Old memories, to walk the blood-stained pave
Of Sacrifice, joining the solemn tide
That moves away, to suffer and to die
For Freedom—when their own is yet denied!
O Pride! O Prejudice! When they pass by,
Hail them, the Brave, for you now crucified!

These truly are the Free,
These souls that grandly rise
Above base dreams of vengeance for their wrongs,
Who march to war with visions in their eyes
Of Peace through Brotherhood, lifting glad songs
Aforetime, while they front the firing-line.
Stand and behold! They take the field today,
Shedding their blood like Him now held divine,
That those who mock might find a better way!

I have not seen Mr. Jamison's work before, but he is a poet and has written a great poem. Read it through several times, and each time it will reveal new beauty and new truth.

Now let me say a word to those who are interested in poetry in particular and literature in particular about Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's new book, "The Poetic Year."

First of all, in the light of race conditions, it seems a paradox that a colored man should in this country occupy the position as an authority on poetry that Mr. Braithwaite occupies. Some one might ask if it is any more of a paradox that he is an acknowledged critic than that he is an acknowledged poet. My answer is, yes. As a poet, Mr. Braithwaite writes whatever he pleases, whether it pleases other people or not; as a critic, he stands as an acknowledged judge and arbiter of all the poetry written in America. And so, the poets of the East and the poets of the West and even the multitudinous singers of the South are anxious to know what Braithwaite thinks about their work.

"The Poetic Year" is a discursive criticism of the poetry output for 1916. The form in which the book is written makes it pleasant reading for those who would not be interested in the dry bones of literary criticism. A reading of the book will repay any lover of what is good in literature; and will be especially valuable to those who wish to know what and how present-day poets are writing.

Another book, that falls in somewhat the same category, is "Creative Criticism," by Dr. now Major, J. E. Spingarn. The ordinary reader need not be frightened by the title; for although criticism is generally considered a dry subject, this book is highly interesting. It contains four chapters, "The New Criticism," "Dramatic Criticism and the Theatre," "Prose and Verse," and "Creative Connoisseurship" with an appendix, "A Note on Genius and Taste." Those who wish to learn something about the art of criticism and to acquire a touchstone which they may apply to poetry, the drama and literature in general, cannot do better than to read "The New Criticism."

The race question continues to bob up in literature; in fact, there are always new indications that it will some day be the most vital subject in American poetry, drama and stories. This time it is set forth in a book by Paul Kester called "His Own Country." The main character in the book is a young quadroon, born a slave on a Virginia plantation, who goes to Canada, becomes a prosperous physician, marries a white woman, acquires by purchase the mansion and lands of his former master, who was also his father, and returns to Virginia to live the life of a Southern gentleman. When he gets there things begin to happen, and they don't stop happening until the last page of the book is reached.

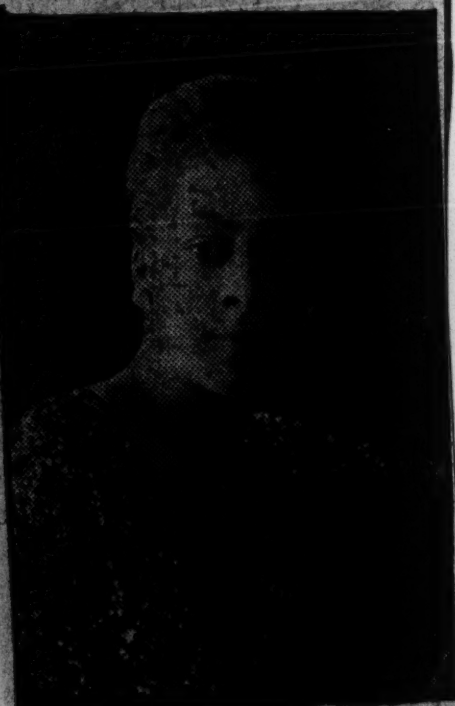
It is said that Mr. Kester spent ten years gathering material for his book, and that he wrote it with the intention of stating both sides of the race question. There is evidence all through the book that Mr. Kester intends to be fair, but unconsciously, perhaps, he is unfair. He is led into being unfair by attempting to show both sides in one character. Dr. Brent starts out as one of the finest characters a writer could draw, but before the end of the story is reached, he shows all the vanity, the bumptiousness and the obnoxiousness that are supposed to be the traits of every Negro who rises above the grade of a field hand.

Nevertheless, the book contains many good things. There is one

Chicago Defender
Lena James Holt Takes
High Honors at Chicago
Musical College

Lena James Holt, wife of George W. Holt, well-known business man, and daughter of Rev. C. N. Douglass, presiding elder of the Puget Sound conference, received the degree of Master of Music at the fifty-second commencement of the Chicago Musical College June 15, 1916.

Mrs. Holt won her degree and highest honors by presenting a symphonic rhapsody of forty-two pages for an hundred-piece symphony orchestra, and incidentally has the honor of being the



Lena James Holt, M. M.

only artist of the Race holding the degree of M. M.

She has enrolled for the summer season and is preparing a suite of periodical musical lectures, including her own compositions, which she will present in the near future, and will also resume the musical criticisms for the Chicago Defender in the fall.

Mrs. Holt attributes a large portion of her musical success to the wonderful inspirative background her husband formed when he presented her an elegant residence at 4405 Prairie avenue decorated and furnished in the New England style, and the world's finest piano, a Mason & Hamlin concert grand.

The Hols extend a hearty welcome to their many friends, and Mrs. Holt particularly offers the hand of fellowship to members of the art world.

lined in it a plan of organization for the race which could not be excelled. Moreover, it is a fascinating story. One which if started, cannot be laid aside until it is finished. It is a book that colored people should read.

There is another racial book, but of a different kind, in that it does not discuss the "problem." This book is "The Colored Girl Beautiful," by E. Azalia Hackley, the well known singer and lecturer. "The Colored Girl Beautiful" is a book of beauty hints, but not only of physical beauty, but of spiritual beauty. It should prove an inspiration to all who read it.

THE NEGRO AND THE DRAMA.

We do not know how many colored people of greater New York realize that April, 1917, marks an epoch for the Negro on the stage. Mrs. Emily Hapgood in presenting a company of colored players in three plays by Ridgley Torrence, the poet and playwright, has given the American Negro his first opportunity in serious, legitimate drama. Of course, colored people have made attempts in serious drama before this, but only as amateurs or before restricted audiences. Never until now have they had the opportunity to appear as a part of the professional world before the regular theatre going public. *New York Age. 4/19/17.*

The Negro has long had a place on the American stage; and the race has produced a long line of well known minstrels, comedians and dancers. But the Negro's place on the American stage has always been limited and circumscribed. The popular national conception pictures him as a happy-go-lucky, laughing, shuffling, banjo-picking being; and the public has refused to accept him as anything but a laugh maker. Up to the time of Mrs. Hapgood's venture, no manager has dared to go against this decree of the public. In fact, it seems that no manager ever dreamed that colored performers could do anything artistically serious. There is no wonder then that the Negro Players in these three little plays have proven to be the most startling thing in this season's theatricals.

In the first place, the players are very fortunate in the plays they are interpreting. It is almost amazing to think how Mr. Torrence, a white man, could write plays of Negro life with such intimate knowledge, with such deep insight and sympathy. There is the first play, "A Rider of Dreams." It is billed as a comedy, but those who look for the brand of so-called Negro comedy that has been given to the American public for the past fifty years will be disappointed or surprised. The principal character of the "Rider of Dreams" is neither an overdressed, strutting dandy, nor is he a big, stupid slob with his face cooked black and his mouth painted red. He is a real human being and a real Negro. He is the type of colored man that may be found in every Negro community. And so it is with the other characters in the play. The play itself is not a burlesque or a caricature; it is a slice of life. There may be those who are so addicted to the sort of "Negro comedy" which depicts types of Negroes that they exist that they will not be able to appreciate the delicious and primitive poetry of this little comedy of real life—well, so worse for them. There is something wrong with anyone who cannot laugh while "Lucy Sparrow" is teaching her baby the

catechism or who is not strangely stirred when "Madison Sparrow" chants his dream.

The second play, "Granny Maumee," is a stark tragedy of Negro life. Here again the characters are not caricatures, but real people. Such people as every one who is familiar with the South knows. This play goes down to the roots of the race problem; and the boldness with which Mr. Torrence handles his theme is at times astonishing. "Granny Maumee" nursing her terrible wrath against the race that burned her son, declaiming her fierce pride in her pure African blood, and bursting into grief and anger when she learns that her great granddaughter's baby is contaminated by "the white streak," is a stage picture that cannot be forgotten. There are moments in the play so tense that one seems to hear the breathing of the whole audience. Aside from its pure artistry, the play is powerful propaganda against lynching.

The third play, "Simon the Cyrenian," is one of the most artistically staged and costumed plays that Broadway has ever seen. The acting is notable. In the last scene, Simon stands out symbolical of all that the Negro race has suffered and endured for centuries.

We repeat that the production of these plays gives the Negro his first opportunity on the American stage. And it is doubly important because we have Negro performers portraying real Negro life.

There will be some white people who will not like these plays because they prefer the so called "Negro comedy" which generally centers around a colored man and a chicken. There will be some colored people who will be disappointed because the performers are not playing Shakespeare or some other classic. But the great majority of intelligent people will appreciate them. And we admit that it does take intelligence to properly appreciate them.

The producer and the players are entitled to the hearty support of all the colored people of Greater New York; because if they succeed it will mean a permanent place for the Negro in the dramatic world, and the beginning of a future for great Negro actors and Negro dramatists.

Development of Negro Art

OCTOBER 13, 1917

Perhaps the solution of the negro problem in this country will be helped along by the development of the artistic instinct of the black race among its representatives here. This is the suggestion made by Percy Mackaye, American poet and dramatist.

The negro genius for song and rhythm has been recognized in a casual way by the white race. But the white man's habit of looking down on the negro and all his ways has kept the latter from seeking any definite artistic self-expression. Thus he has made nothing of his potential dramatic powers, his instinct for painting and dancing, his gift for singing.

Mr. Mackaye believes that racial pride and dignity—the very qualities most needed to enable black and white men to live in the same country without the dangers of either amalgamation or mutual hatred and distrust—will come to the negro with such self-expression. Let him make some definite contribution to the world in art—or any other line, though as yet he has shown no particular aptitude for science—then he would have something

to work for, to make him proud of his race and eager to uphold its honor.

As the black race gained in self-respect it would gain also in the respect of other races. The world has progressed far along the road to racial toleration and understanding of late. The distance still to be traveled would be greatly lessened if the black and white inhabitants of this country succeeded in solving their mutual problems in such way.

JULY 8, 1917

Two Negro Composers

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: Will some of the musicians among the readers of The Sun inform me through its columns about the musical compositions of Harry T. Burleigh, the American negro composer, and those of the English negro composer, Coleridge Taylor? Which of these two typified and used the melodies of the Southern negro as sung on the plantations?

R. SHYMOUR MELLIN.

New York, July 7.

Y. C. GLOBE
NOVEMBER 22, 1917

At the Coady Galleries, 489 Fifth avenue, a most entertaining exhibition of paintings and drawings by Negro children is nearing its close. It is held under the auspices of the Circle for Negro War Relief, a special organization, organized to meet the urgent needs of Negro soldiers actively engaged in their country's service and to render the necessary assistance to their families. Fourteen boys and girls from seven to thirteen years old are represented, and some of them have remarkable feeling for design and color. A picture of a three-masted schooner scudding over the water—the work of Andrew Chandler—is surprisingly forceful, considering that it is by a nine year old. The medium—water color—is ably handled, and that the facts were well registered in the child's mind is evident. Nancy Valdine's "Dancers" are naively expressive, and "Flag Day," by P. W. Henderson, aged thirteen, indicates that he is a keen observer. He has approached an ambitious subject bravely and the result is promising. One finds a child's conception of the glare and bustle of Coney Island, another's impression of a walk in Central Park, and so on. The exhibition will be on to Saturday, inclusive, and perhaps Monday. H. C. N.

MRS. JACKSON, SCULPTRESS

The Guardian
WORK OF COLORED WOMAN EXHIBITED AT CORCORAN ART GALLERY AT WASHINGTON—FIRST SUCH RECOGNITION FOR THE RACE.

(Washington, D. C., Star.)

A head of a child modeled by Mrs. May Howard Jackson of this city has recently been placed on exhibition in the lower loan room of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. It is an admirable piece of work, well constructed, nicely modeled and expressive and it takes its place well among the works in this gallery by sculptors of more experience and greater reputation.

Poems by the Century Poet

ACCLAMATIONS FOR DECLAMATION

Prepare to Die for Thy Country

Why Would the Negro Fight the Imperial German Government

LOYALTY

Frenchmen will fight for France,
Japs for Japan;
All nations will fight for the United States
With the loyal colored man.



Under the flag that
made thee free
Is hope for a true
Democracy

ALL THE NEGRO ASKS IS A SQUARE DEAL

Why Civilization Has Halted on the Borders of Africa—The Negro in the European War

(Copyright, 1917, by Black Sampson, the United States Missionary Poet, Playwright and Dramatist.
President of the Great National Distributing League for the Advancement of Colored People.)

Procrastination of the autocratic imperial German Government to erect institutions for the elevation of Africans, natives of East Africa—known as "German East Africa"—after the German Government had feloniously relieved them of their fertile lands and invaluable mines, restricting them to walk in the streets and to live not in the city limits, the encouragement of the importation of intoxicants for a benighted people and subjecting them to the cruellest treatment for petty offenses, almost equal to the barbaric punishment administered to the Africans in the Congo by the Belgian people during the reign of Leopold, King of Belgium—that is why for centuries civilization has halted on the borders of Africa, fettered by autocratic imperial governments; that is why the United States Negro would storm and sweep Germany with shot and shell like the hurricane in a black cloud sweeps the great Atlantic. At the beginning of the European war, the imperial German Government not being in a position to transport Africans for service in the German army, protested that the colored race be not permitted to fight in Europe. That France and England were mobilizing Negroes for service and many a black heel will be turned to the sun. The natives, a brave and loyal people, disgusted with German imperialism, were refused service in South Africa, walked to Europe to fight. The West Africans fought in South Africa. They needed but little training to win their battles and rent the German ranks with great disaster and rout, driving them from East Africa. The Germans after devastating Belgium invaded over seven hundred square miles of French territory. Victorious over the French and British troops in each encounter on land, in the sky and beneath the sea was a demonstration of the superiority of German militarism at the beginning of the world's greatest war. In possession of Verdun, entrenched and commanding the heights, Prince Eitel Frederic, the favorite son of the king commander of the German foot guards on the right wing, watched for the signal to storm Paris from below and above, while the huge guns of Austria and Germany spoke in the doors of

Paris, while monuments, palaces and historic cathedrals were rent by explosive projectiles hurled from Zeppelins above them. Prince Eitel Frederic

The Charge to the Black Soldiers by the French Commander:

"Soldiers of France, the world's truest democracy,
Your battle will decide if France shall perish.
Vive la Democracy! Vive la Democracy!
Death to autocracy!

"Strike the German right wing—
You must save the pride of France
Repel, repel the troops of the king,
Vive la France! Vive la France!
Charge Bayonet! Charge the enemy! Charge!

Then down charged the Black cavalry
Followed by the Black Brigade,
They eclipsed the world with their chivalry—
By the great charge they made,

For more than a thousand leagues over dale and field

Rained bursting shot and shell.
Black soldiers rode with nerves of steel
While foe and comrade fell;

And I spied them, rapidly firing as they rode half bent

Dashing past their message of death
Straight to the German ranks they went
Until they felt their horses breath;

Then, thrusting their bayonets and lancets they led,

Around them shrapnel fell.

Many a German lay far from his head
That fought once so brave and well.

The brave brigade, by
man mines,

Black heroes rushed in great haste
To fill the gaps rent in their lines
Fighting Germans face to face.

Many fell, dispatched by bombs from a trench
That blighted all ties of love,
They fought, 'they fought inch by inch'
While aviators watched from above.

Still, tearing flesh with guns asunder,
They forced the Germans to a clinch.
Hark! the artillery thundered,
While they charged from trench to trench.

The Black Soldiers won their battle the day
When German foot guards fled.
Remember, men, remember!
The great charge they led.

France then flashed the news from land to land
Of her dusky warriors' terrific fight,
Their bloody lancet charges hand to hand
Caused the German prince to die from fright.
(The prince had fainted).

LOUISVILLE BOY MAKING GOOD IN LONDON, ENG.

Will Dorsey Head of Orchestra in
Britain's Largest Vaudeville

The Louisville Post
1-27-17

A representative of The News,
with his ever-present nose for news,
stumbled this week on a very interesting poster.

This poster, which was three feet
long attracted attention by its big
red and blue letters. On close inspection

The Rough Riders fell,
Excited at the guns of hell—
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?

There was their rivalry,
The Ninth and Tenth cavalry.
Think of their chivalry,
Honor their bravery,
Fearing not their lives to sell,
Dashing to the gods of hell,
What was their fate to be?
Only wait and see.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Warn hill.

The Ninth and Tenth cavalry—
Think of their chivalry,
Honor their bravery;
They spied their way was shut
By barriers they quickly cut,
On and on they rode and fell
Through a rain of shot and shell,
Spitting through the doors of hell.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Warn hill.

The Ninth and Tenth cavalry—
Think of their chivalry,
Honor their bravery;
Dashing by the barriers they broke,
Gazing through a cloud of smoke
While rifle and canon spoke;
On and on they rode and velled.

found
the same guy
plunk, plunk on the
old Y. M. C. A. piano or organ over
on Walnut street. Who got up a
boy orchestra here, left here and
went to Chicago, and now he is IT
in London. Would you believe it?

MARCHING OUT GODS OF HELL

San Warn Hill

July the Fourth, eighteen hundred
and ninety-eight

Fearing not their lives to sell,
Dashing to the gods of hell.
Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Warr hill.

The rough riders had blundered—
Spanish guns thundered,
Man o' wars lumbered,
All the world wondered
What their fate would be—
Only wait and see.

The Spanish fort ceased to roar;
And guns of death were heard no
more.

What was her fate to be?
Only wait and see.
Black Soldiers were coming still,
Dashing, yelling up the hill.

Was there a reason why
Brave men should fear to die
On the Fourth Day of July?
All the world listened still
When they stormed San Warr hill.

They heard the clatter of horses'
feet,

They heard the brave Black Soldiers
speak,

They heard the signal of a buglar's
call,

Excited they stood, backs to the wall,
Their flag was lowered in their face,
The Stars and Stripes raised in its
place.

The Black Soldiers come true as
night,

Afraid not to die or fight;
They gazed around at them that fell
While marching out the gods of hell.

Mr. E. A. Harleston of Charleston, S. C., a graduate of Atlanta University, who spent many years in studying at the finest art school in the United States, the Museum of Fine Arts School of Boston, is in the city painting portraits. He has painted three portraits of unusual excellence. It is hoped that some time Mr. Harleston will give a public hanging of his paintings. It would be a rare privilege to the colored citizens of Atlanta to have an exhibition of paintings, as well as an inspiration to any who may have aspiration of a like kind. Mr. Harleston will make a visit to Atlanta to paint a portrait of an eminent personage who has already engaged his services. *The Savannah*

What Is Progress?

Was it progress
That hewed the forest oaks,
Cultivated the soil and sowed the oats;
Erected cabins on the hills,
And on the rivers great sawmills—

Was that progress?
What is progress?

Was it progress
That built schoolhouses in a day
And erected churches on her way;
Cabins were torn from the hills in haste
And mansions erected in their place,—

Was that progress?
What is progress?

Was it progress
That surveyed off the blocks,
Moulded tools and erected the shops
In America's early days—
Today she builds great factories—

Was that progress?
What is progress?

Today she moulds great iron steels
Her railroads run through thousands of fields
The motorcycle appeared with its swift speeding wheel
Today there is a great demand for the automobile—

Is that progress?
What is progress?

She has connected the oceans with her hands
And flashes the news from land;
Her cables run through the sea
That tells of wars and wars to be—

Is that progress?
What is progress?

She is building houses of steel every day
And tearing her wooden structures away;
The Negro won the battle from Spain
And today man sails in the aeroplane—

Is that progress?
What is progress?

N.Y. News 6/28/17
European

**Colored American Compos-
ers Wrote the War Song
Italy Is Singing**

James Weldon Johnson and Harry T.
Burleigh Make Another Contribu-
tion to Music World That Adds

to Their Fame.

(From the N. Y. World)

It is a curious fact that the most popular war song in Italy to-day was written by Americans. "Il Giovane Guerriero," which is being sung everywhere in Italy, was composed, shortly after Italy entered the war, by H. T. Burleigh, a New York musician, to words by James Weldon Johnson, who was Minister to Nicaragua under President Roosevelt. Stranger still is the fact that both Burleigh and Johnson are colored men—the former a soloist at Temple Emanuel, one of the leading Jewish congregations in New York, the latter a brother of J. Rosamund Johnson, the well known colored composer.

The lyric of "The Young Warrior," to give it its English title, is the appeal of the young volunteer to his mother to think not of him but of the work he is to do. Mr. Burleigh has given the words one of those melodies that sing themselves—not exalted in style, but ruddy with the enthusiasm of the mob in its patriotic frenzy. Beneath this melody is an accompaniment composed of trumpet calls and crashing chords. Edoardo Petri is the author of the Italian words and no less a personage than the Maestro Zandonai, perhaps the greatest Italian composer of the day, has supplied the orchestration. "The Young Warrior" is not a "popular" song in the sense that "Tipperary" was popular. But it has the true war spirit of the Italian people. Permission to publish this portion of "The Young Warrior" has been obtained from G. Ricordi & Co., Inc., owners of the copyright.

For us to attempt in our feeble way to add our share of admiration and praise to these brilliant men who have been an honor and an inspiration to the colored race the world over, would only be dimming the light of the glory which has been cast upon them by pens more facile and able, but we can say that it is with a deep sense of satisfaction that the honor is ours to reproduce from the columns of one of the greatest dailies in the world the tribute paid to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Burleigh, men we have admired for years not only for what they have done in helping to place the race on

**BRAITHWAITE SPEAKS
AT 20TH CENTURY CLUB**

**COLORS CRITIC OF AMERICAN
POETRY ADDRESSES BOSTON'S
GREAT LITERARY SOCIETY.—
PRAISES WHITTIER—EXPECTS
GREATEST AMERICAN POETS
SOON**

The Guardian
W. S. Braithwaite spoke at the
Twentieth Century Club Saturday af-
ternoon on "New Tendencies in Poet-

ry." "Fifty years ago," he said, "we had a group of poets, but only one who had in him the makings of a great poet, and that was Whittier, because he had in his nature an intense and fiery composition. The only American poets who have influenced European thought and culture are Whitman and Poe, and I might add Emerson."

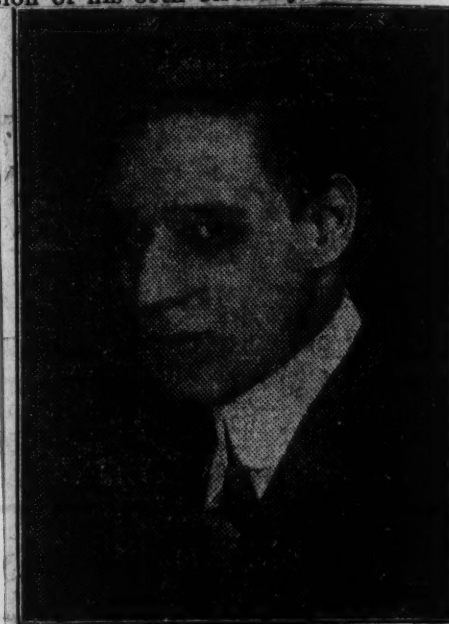
"The transitional period of our poetry in 1900 and its renaissance commenced to show itself about 1905, Imagism in poetry is not a new thing, but the fight is over now. The imagists will more and more conform to conventional patterns, and the conventionalists will more and more take whatever of strength, force and virility the imagists have brought to their attention. So there is being born an infant at which in my opinion in the next five or ten years is going to produce the best poetry that has been written in the century."

"The other group of poets is the social democratic group, composed of two or three writers, most of them sentimentalists, who have the power to be splendid poets, but who have permitted their propagandist interests to spoil their poetic virtues."

Mr. Braithwaite summed up his review by saying that poetry belonged to the people, that it had passed from the people to a class and was now again returning from that class to its original possessors, the people.

Original poems were read by R. S. Hillyer, vice-president of the Harvard Poetry Society; W. A. Bradley and Vachel Lindsay, and S. S. Curry, president of the School of Expression, led a brief discussion.

The club voted to send greetings to William Dean Howells on the occasion of his 80th birthday.



ANDREW BISHOP
Who Returned to the Quality Players
a Few Weeks Ago and Is in "Dam-
aged Goods" This Week.

A Message to the Negro

Poems by the Century Poet--Acclamations for Declamation

Copyright by Black Sampson the Great United States Missionary Poet

Debate

Between Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and Wm. Monroe Trotter, spokesman for the Equal Rights League on the agitation of a Democratic administration. Sonnets by the Century Poet. A Message to the Negro for the reorganization of all organizations to amalgamate, to promote the progress of the National Association for the advancement of Colored people, blend to Negro's cause for equal rights under the constitution. Sonnets XV to XIX.

SONNET XV

To the Chief Executive of the United States:
Said the spokesman for the Equal Rights Organization:
Mr. President, ten million citizens, sir, we represent,
Protesting against the segregation
In the departments of our national government,
Solemn emotion shown in his face
When his eyes met the President's.
Segregation is discrimination against the Colored race
And to loyal citizens a humiliation
Unmerited, far reaching and a degradation.
This League called on you a year ago,
For segregation is a gratuitous blow,
The Afro-Americans in this nation—
Many aided and supported your elevation,

The President replied:

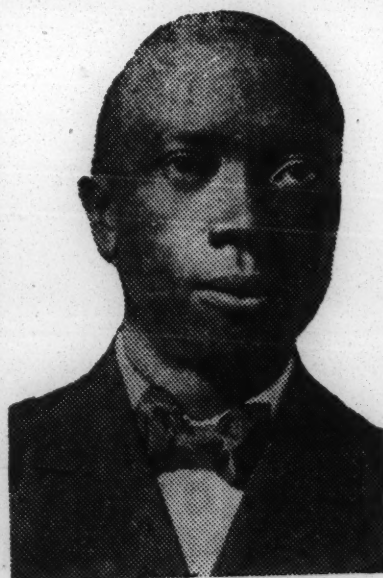
SONNET XVI

My cabinet has made an investigation.
It is friction between black and white
That is the cause of the segregation;
And my cabinet thinks it is right—
That is my view on the situation;
And that is the best thought of the administration.
The white people admire the progress of your race.
Still there is great prejudice in the people's minds.
Segregation is a benefit and not a humiliation,
And I prefer they progress on independent lines.
If it is regarded as an elevation by your organization,
And a benefit, your race will regard it the same.
You can cause them to regard it a humiliation,
A degradation or a national shame.

The Spokesman:

SONNET XVII

Replied as quick as he could open his mouth:
We are delegates of a league for equal rights
That is why we came to the White House
Demanding the same rights that are accorded to whites.
We do not protest segregation as dependent wards of the nation.
But as full-fledged American citizens under the constitution.
It is not in accord to acclaim that friction was the cause of segregation
It is untenable in view of the facts of the situation,
To maintain that friction was the cause of the segregation,
In harmony for fifty years they worked under the constitution
Side by side in our national government.
But soon after the beginning of your inauguration



Segregation was drastically introduced into the departments
By your appointees to our national government.

The President replied:

SONNET XVIII

This organization must have another spokesman
If it ever has another hearing before me.
Looking at the spokesman his face turned red—
He was angry the League could see.
Then after a glance carefully around,
He said, I dislike your tone with passion in its background.
The spokesman was surprised at his ill luck.
He looked on the President as if thunderstruck.
He said, we cannot control Negroes minds on segregation.
They once regarded you the second Abraham Lincoln.
Now the pulpit will denounce us as traitors to our race.
Then the Equal Rights League arose in a body.
Traitors, how? said the President, looking in the spokesman's face.
Because in nineteen twelve we supported your party!

SONNET XIX -TODAY

To the Afro-Americans this message is sent:
Legislators have legislated and enforced the laws
That were sanctioned by a President
That oppresses the Negro and the Negro's cause.
Senators have stood all day on our capitol floors
Loudly talked and pulled their nose,
Enforcing the laws that were filled with flaws
To oppress the Negro and the Negro's cause
I heard them through our capitol doors
While they loudly talked and tore their clothes
Enforcing grand pa clause and jim-crow laws
To oppress the Negro and the Negro's cause.
The Negro has fought in the world's great wars
And today I say the Negro must blend to the Negro's cause.

SHALL I FIGHT?

A Message to the United States Congress, Washington, D. C.

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THE NEGRO IN THE WORLD'S GREAT WARS

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, 1770.

The first martyr for the independence and constitution of the United States was the negro, Crispus Attucks. In the Boston Massacre, March the 5th, 1770, over forty thousand negroes served with distinction.

THE WAR OF 1812.

General Jackson and Commodore Perry spoke highly of the many negro soldiers under their command.

THE WAR OF 1862

178,975 negro soldiers were employed in the Civil War. They served with distinction.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, 1898

The negro lowered the Spanish flag in haste, and raised Old Glory in its place.

THE EUROPEAN WAR, 1917.

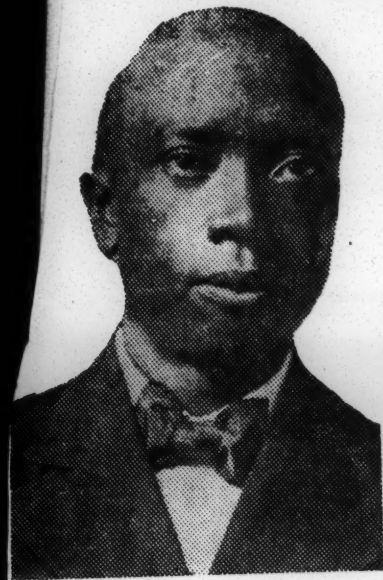
300,000 negroes are fighting for France and England.

I am disfranchised and jim-crowed. Colored men and women and children are mobbed, lynched and burned at the stake. I am segregated and humiliated.

The Nineteen Seventeen Protest

Mr. President, Honorable Gentlemen of the United States Congress, and Fellow Countrymen:

The negro has been loyal to this country in time of peace and in time of war. In event that this country should go to war, the negro will be expected to rally to the defense of the Stars and Stripes. This day before going to war, March 28th, 1917, I, Black Sampson, a citizen of the United States, protest that the 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution of the United States, be upheld. I protest that the race prejudice and strife existing in many sections of the United States were created by the demagogue, men who would satisfy the prejudices of the people,—the demagogues, the enemies to good government. I protest that certain powers vested in men described herein be annulled; the power to disfranchise an American citizen, power to legislate and enforce a Jim-Crow law, power to segregate a certain race of American citizens, to discriminate against an American citizen in public places of business, transacting business for the public, to discriminate in public carriers. I protest that certain unwritten laws enforced by men described herein, be made a crime punishable by the federal government; to lynch a person, to mob or burn a person, to dynamite a person's property, to prevent a man from voting by force. I protest that the negro be given his full-fledged rights under the Constitution, that he be prepared and armed to fight a greater legal battle in the courts for right and justice. Today a revival of slavery exists in the United States. I would not be a traitor, and if I fight, and fight I must, for what shall I fight?



BLACK SAMPSON

Legislatures have legislated and enforced laws
That were sanctioned by a president
To oppress the negro and the negro's cause.
I heard them through our Capitol doors
While they loudly talked and tore their clothes,
Legislating a grandpa clause and Jim-Crow laws.
To oppress the negro and the negro's cause.
The negro has fought in the world's great wars
And the negro will fight for the negro's cause.
My rights are denied me on the courthouse floors
And by voices echoing through the White House doors.
Is the United States Congress awake
To the trembling portals of country and state?
If I fight, and fight I must, for what should I fight?
Full-fledged rights under the Constitution?
If I die, die I must, for what do I die, the Constitution?
Fight for the cause men fought for, for me?
Die for the freedom men died for, for me?

God of the Universe, Emancipator of nations,
Trusting Thee always, by day and by night.
Thou hast freed me, who shall ens'ave me?
Prepare me, arm me, O Lord, for the fight.
Is the United States Congress awake
To the trembling portals of country and state?
If I fight, and fight I must, for what should I fight?
Full-fledged rights under the Constitution?
If I die, die I must; for what do I die, the Constitution?
Fight for the cause men fought for for me?
Die for the freedom men died for, for me?

Hark the tramp of the mob through the street,
Trampling our statutes beneath their feet,
Defying governors on their seat,
While fathers, mothers and daughters weep,
A president refused to speak.
Is the United States Congress awake
To the trembling portals of country and state?
If I fight, and fight I must, for what should I fight
Full-fledged rights under the Constitution?
If I die, die I must; for what do I die, the Constitution?
Fight for the cause men fought for, for me?
Die for the freedom men died for, for me?

Vive la Constitution!

The East, the West, the North and the South
Are ripening vandals with prejudice and hate,
Undermining the portals of country and state.
The flag the world once proclaimed to elate,
The flag that won great fame,
Her fading colors, her stars degraded,
Will rend this flag in twain.
Is the United States Congress awake
To the trembling portals of country and state?
If I fight, and fight I must, for what should I fight?
Full-fledged rights under the Constitution?
If I die, die I must; for what do I die, the Constitution?
Fight for the cause men fought for, for me?
Die for the freedom men died for, for me?

Mexico, Japan, France, England and Germany are awake
To the growing evils of our country and state.
America would be in slavery today,
But united and swept her fetters away.
In her early days she knew not her fate,
Today she is known as a united state.
The legislation for her government
She could have nothing to say,
Is the Afro-American's troubles today.
Is the United States Congress awake
To the trembling portals of country and state?
If I fight, and fight I must, for what should I fight?
Full-fledged rights under the Constitution?
If I die, die I must; for what do I die, the Constitution?
Fight for the cause men fought for, for me?
Die for the freedom men died for, for me?

Europe's armies are arrayed in battle
In the sky and beneath the sea.
Hark! the guns of her black soldiers rattle,
Hastens the day when all men will be free,
The golden age of chivalry.
Is the United States Congress awake
To the trembling portals of country and state?
If I fight, and fight I must, for what should I fight?
Full-fledged rights under the Constitution?
If I die, die I must; for what do I die, the Constitution?
Fight for the cause men fought for for me?
Die for the freedom men died for, for me?

Vive la Constitution!



Mirror

ALTOONA

NOV 15 1917

NEGRO MELODIES.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION IS indignant at the attempt made by New York music teachers to reform the dialect of the negro melodies in the school books. It has been urged that in learning songs, as in other branches of instruction, the children should be taught "pure English, not a dialect." To this The Constitution replies:

"True, our southern melodies may not be grammatically perfect as to English—but they know no north, no south, no east, no west in their popularity. They are sung by the girls and boys in the schoolhouses out in Oregon, sung round the campfire in the heart of the Rockies, by the timber folk of New England, by prima donnas in the metropolis—and everywhere enjoyed with the same true, downright American spirit.

"Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny," has lulled as many little babes in the great lakes states into the Land of Nod, comparatively, as in the cotton belt. It is known and sung and loved everywhere on the continent. Some consider "Yankee Doodle"—because of the wording of it—sectional; 'Dixie' is universal. Yet those precise New York teacher-folk pro-

pose, in 'Dixie,' to change the words 'de' and 'nebber' to 'the' and 'never'!

"Good English? Who ever claimed those good old southern songs—or any of the old favorites, for that matter—are pure English? Of course they're not. They wouldn't be characteristic they wouldn't be half so sweet, half so popular, if they were." Burn's songs are not "good English," and yet we love them, "not for their rhetoric, but for their sentiment, their melody and themselves."

The Atlanta paper is everlastingly right about it. We might as well admit that the only really native music we have that amounts to anything is "negro music." The fact that negroes have written little of it makes no difference. It is due none the less to the American negro. This wonderfully musical race has furnished the one type of music which Americans all love, and which is thus far our only distinctive musical gift to the world. It is absurd to iron out the dialect, starch the grammar and rhetoric and make over our lovely old darkey songs into prim "literature" that will please nobody but bloodless pedagogues.

By Henry Tyrrell.

"WHAT next?" you gasp. Never mind; here is something immediate and quite sufficiently startling. These drawings and paintings, the comparatively unsophisticated work of young negro children, mostly pupils of a school in Brooklyn, have been exhibited with half a hundred more in the Fifth Avenue art galleries of Mr. R. J. Coady, right on New York's modish "Picture Lane." The exhibition, organized for the Negro War Relief, has been thronged with visitors, with all the rich art displays of the metropolis to choose from. And a considerable number of the children's "works" have been sold at prices as high as \$50 each—sold as real objects of beauty and decorative value, too. "The Party," for instance, was purchased by Arthur B. Davies, a distinguished artist, known as a leader of the advanced Modernists.

Mr. Davies didn't buy the thing merely to encourage the thirteen-year-old Henderson boy who painted it, but because he thought it would be worth while to own so spontaneous, naive and colorful an expression of a child's joy in living.

"Expression"—that is the word that explains the whole business of the several exhibitions of infantile stuff with which the public latterly has been favored. Modern art banks on this sort of thing. Children and savages put pure feeling into their pictures and carvings, we are told. The style is bound to be original, because they don't know anything about rules of art. Your mature school-trained artist knows nothing but rules, and very often he cares for little else. He is too learned and dignified and clever to have any fun in painting his pictures. The result is, they leave you cold.

Now, these "kids," whom Mr. Coady finds out and encourages because of their inborn artistic natures, have huge fun in their work. And you share it as soon as you look at their crude but vivacious renderings of "The Boat," "Flag Day," "In the Park," "Bacon and Eggs," or "The Busted Ford"—to mention only a few of the high spots in the present show. A great many genuine artists in our day are big enough to acknowledge that they have much to learn from the child's innocence of vision, unspoiled conception of form and color, and direct, simple expression of the same. That is why the town is full of fashionable shows of Italian and Chinese primitives, Congo idols and drawings by modern colored school children.

Negro Children as Modern Art Prodigies

No. 1, at the left, is a "Boat," in water color, by Andrew Chandler, nine years of age. Note the Japanese-print effect of concave sky.

No. 2 (below), "The Party," by P. W. Henderson, thirteen years. This picture, an oil painting, was purchased by Arthur B. Davies. It is a gorgeously colorful representation of children having a good time. Wonderful detail, especially the cakes, pies, pudding and roast chicken.

No. 3, "Street," by Robert Taylor, nine years. A complicated pattern in perspective, with old birdseye views of vehicles and pedestrians, and advertising signs treated as of rather more importance than housefronts or the sky.

No. 4, "In the Park," by L. Sanders, ten years. An up-to-date primitive, with symbolical trees, and figures more abstract than realistic.

ENCOURAGE RACE ARTISTS.

Let Poets and Musicians Know Their Efforts Are Appreciated.

New York.—Mrs. Minnie Waller French, the talented daughter of the late John R. Waller, sometime United States consul at Madagascar, has written a clever little sketch, musical and literary, entitled "A Meeting of the Young People's Improvement League," the object being to popularize the musical and literary productions of Negro

composers and authors. At the invitation of Ye Friends of Shakespeare Mrs. French and her company of clever young ladies appeared before that organization in its hall in the Lafayette building, New York city, recently and presented the sketch to the infinite delight of a large and appreciative gathering of the society and its friends. The novelty of the program, and the high character of the number given by each participant and the excellence of its rendition evoked the highest commendation from the audience, and

the society, Mrs. French, praised the ladies taking part in it, saying that he had been made prouder than ever of being identified with the race in being permitted to listen to a program of such excellence and rendered by members of the race in such a creditable and thoroughly interesting manner.

Mrs. French is a popular New York novelist and possesses a voice of unusual purity and sweetness. Following is the sketch given under her able direction. Doubtless Negro literary societies, churches and Sabbath schools will see in this program a suggestion worth considering in future. Instead of using poems, prose and musical selections of white authors, they will select the best productions from the pens of Negro authors and thus inspire the younger generation to aspire and at the same time be teaching the masses what the race has accomplished along these lines. The sketch is staged to represent a meeting of the Young People's Improvement league. The meeting is held in the home of one of its members.

Characters—President, Mrs. Mays; secretary, Miss Best; pianist, M. Waller French; hostess, Mrs. Snowden.

Scene—Sitting room of hostess at whose home the league is holding its weekly meeting.

Musical numbers—"The Negro Hymn" (chorus), Handy; "Dreamland," Burleigh; "If I Forget," DeKoven Thompson; "Who Knows?" Dunbar; "Devotion," J. E. Bruce; "Since You Went Away," J. Rosemond Johnson; "De Little Pickaninny's Gone to Sleep," Johnson; "I Think of Thee," Handy; Ode to Harriet Tubman (chorus), M. Waller French; "Only a Dream of That Beautiful City," Kelley; Rio Grand Waltzes, Rosina Harvey.

Literary numbers—Sketches from the pen of John E. Bruce (Bruce Grit) on the "Negro's Place in Musical History." A short sketch of the life of B. Coleridge Taylor and honorary mention of the accomplishments of the late Harriet Tubman.

Closing chorus—"Good Night," juvenile choir.

NOV 29 1917

NEGRO ART FOR WAR RELIEF.

Exhibition to Benefit New Fund for American Soldiers.

On Nov. 5 there will be opened at the Coady Art Gallery, 489 Fifth Avenue, an exhibition of pictures all by negro artists. The proceeds from the sale of these pictures will be given to the fund for the relief of negro soldiers and their dependent families, organized by Mrs. Emily Bigelow Hapgood, 12 West Twelfth Street.

This display will consist of paintings, drawings and color work, the latter being contributions from negro children in the schools of New York.

This movement is now being chartered under the name of "The American Circle for Negro War Relief," with the indorsement of Governor Whitman, Theodore Roosevelt, George Foster Peabody, Ray Stannard Baker, Mrs. Amos Pinchot and many other persons of prominence.

OIL PAINTING AS "AIDA" *The Guardian* **OIL PAINTING IN COSTUME OF** **MME. E. P. CLOUGH SHOWN IN** **WORCESTER STUDIO IN** **GRAND OPERA ROLE, ACTING** **AND SINGING AS "AIDA."**

(Special)

Worcester, Mass., March 2, 1917—The colored people of Boston, in view of the coming appearance in their midst of our great dramatic soprano and singer of opera roles, Madame Estella P. Clough, at the Guardian Concert on the 28th, might be interested to know of her latest great success in her home city of Worcester. Here she is quite an idol among white music-lovers. She has a large class of pupils, mostly white. On Dec. 12th Mme. Clough gave a great recital. The patronesses were among the most prominent ladies of Worcester. She

sang songs by Johnson and Coleridge Taylor, and then sang and acted roles from "Aida" the grand opera. She took the house by storm.

A white artist was in the audience. He sought an introduction and persuaded Mrs. Clough to sit for an oil portrait in costume. The painting was given an exhibition at the studio of Mme. Peterson, Mrs. Clough's teacher friend. The leading white people viewed it. It was a success and a sensation. It will later be shown in the Art Museum in Boston.

The Christian Recorder
Dec. 21, 1911
 At Savannah I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President of the United States, sing. Among the selections which were most enjoyed by her audience of 2000 whites were "Deep River," by Harry T. Burleigh and "Old Kentucky Home."

DUNBAR'S GRAVE NOW **MARKED BY PLATE**

(Special to THE NEW YORK AGE)

DAYTON, Ohio.—The birthday of the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, June 27, was marked by the announcement of the reorganization of the commission which has charge of the establishment of a series of scholarships to bear his name. Vacancies have been filled and the following officers elected: Brand Whitlock, president; Dr. W. S. Scar-

borough, vice president; the Rev. Davis W. Clark, 31 West Cedar street, Boston, Mass., corresponding secretary; William R. Craven, vice president; Dayton Savings and Trust Company, treasurer.

The commission bought a central lot in a Dayton cemetery and transferred Dunbar's remains to it, marking the grave with a natural boulder and bronze plate. The first scholarship has been assigned to Wilberforce, Ln Dunbar's native state. Paul Laurence Dunbar Murphy, the poet's nephew, whom he intended to educate, is to be the first incumbent.

EVENING POST

New York City

FEB 10 1917

Music by Negro Composers.

As a special Lincoln Birthday week attraction (Tuesday to Saturday inclusive) a programme will be given in the Wanamaker auditorium by the Wanamaker Colored Chorus, assisted by Ethel Richardson, pianist. This programme will consist largely of compositions by modern negro composers.

NEGRO CITED AS CREATOR OF ONLY AMERICAN ART

Productions of Race Appeal to Whole World — Ragtime, Modern Dance, Uncle Remus Stories, and Slave Songs Are Instances, Says James W. Johnson.

NEW BEDFORD MASS MERCURY
OCTOBER 2, 1917

American artistic creations which have most influenced America and have appealed to the world, are the product of Negro genius, according to James Weldon Johnson, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Mr. Johnson read a paper at the meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist society in Bellport, L. I., last week in which he enumerated ragtime, the modern dance, the Uncle Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris, and the spiritual or slave songs as "the only things artistic that have yet sprung from American soil and out of American life."

These artistic creations have influenced and appealed not only to America but the world, according to Mr. Johnson, thereby showing, at least, their originality and power. The two most important are the Uncle Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris, and the spiritual or slave songs, to which the Fisk Jubilee Singers made the public and musicians of the United States and Europe listen. The only folklore that America has produced, and the slave melodies the only folksongs, for in them the Negro sounded the depths, if he did not scale the heights, of music.

"The other two creations are the cakewalk and ragtime," said Mr. Johnson. "We do not need to go very far back to remember when cakewalking was the rage in the United States, Europe, and South America. Even society in this country and royalty abroad spent time in practicing the intricate steps. Paris pronounced it the poetry of motion. The popularity of the cakewalk passed away, but its influence remained. It can be seen today on any American stage where there is dancing."

"The influence which the Negro has exercised on the art of dancing in this country has been almost absolute. For generations, the clog and the jig, which are strictly Negro dances, have been familiar to American theatre audiences. Several years ago the public discovered the turkey trot, the eagle rock, and several other varieties that started the modern dance craze. Half the floor-space in the country was then turned over to dancing, and highly paid exponents sprang up everywhere. The most noted Vernon Castle, and, by the way, an Englishman, never danced except to the music of a colored orchestra, and he never failed to state to his audiences

that most of his dances had long been done by your colored people, as he put it.

"Any one who witnesses a musical production in which there is dancing cannot fail to notice the Negro stamp upon all the movements, a stamp that even the great vogue of Russian dances could not affect. That peculiar swaying of the shoulders which you see done everywhere by the blonde girls of the chorus is nothing more than a movement from the Negro dance referred to above, the 'eagle rock.'

"Just at this point it would be interesting to trace the origin and development of ragtime, but that we must pass over. I go straight to the statement that ragtime is the one artistic production by which America is known the world over. It has been all-conquering, and is everywhere hailed as 'American music.'

"Of course, there are those who will deny that it is an artistic production. American musicians, especially, instead of investigating ragtime, dismiss it with a contemptuous word. But that has always been the course of scholasticism in every branch of art. Whatever new thing the people like is pooh-pooed; whatever is popular is spoken of as not worth while. The fact is, nothing great or enduring, especially in music, has ever sprung full-fledged and unprecedented from the brain of any master; the best that he gives to the world he gathers from the hearts of the people, and runs it through the alembic of his genius.

"In spite of the bans which musicians and teachers have placed upon it, the people still demand and enjoy ragtime. One thing cannot be denied: it is music which possess at least one strong element of greatness; it appeals universally; not only the American, but the English, the French, and even the German people, find delight in it.

"In fact, there is not a corner of the civilized world in which it is not known, and this proves its originality, for if it were an imitation, the people of Europe at least would not have found it a novelty. And it is proof of a more important thing; it is proof that ragtime possess the vital spark, without which any artistic production, no matter how approved its form may be, is dead.

"Ragtime deserves serious attention. There is a lot of worthless, vicious imitation, but there is enough that is genuine. In one composition alone, 'The Memphis Blues,' the musician would find not only great melodic beauty, but a polyphonic structure that is amazing. I have spoken of

'The Memphis Blues' as a composition. Strictly speaking it is not a composition. The name of the composer printed on the copies is Handy, who is a negro musician of Memphis; but 'The Memphis Blues,' is one of those negro songs which, like Topsy, 'jest grew.' However, that is another story.

"We are all familiar with the great influence that ragtime has had on music in America. Most people will recognize that influence on the musical comedy stage, but not many know that ragtime has even influenced our religious music. I do not know how many of us here are familiar with Gospel hymns, but if you are, you can at once see the great difference between the songs of thirty years ago such as 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye,' 'The Ninety and Nine,' etc., and the up-to-date, syncopated tunes that are sung in Sunday-schools and like meetings today.

"Now, these dances which I have referred to in passing and ragtime music may be lower forms of art, but they give evidence of a power that will some day be applied to the higher forms. Even now we need not stop at the negro's accomplishment through these lower forms. In the spirituals or slave songs the negro has given America not only its only folk songs, but a mass of noble music. I never think of this music but I am struck by the wonder, the miracle, of its production. How did the men who originated them manage to do it? The sentiments are easily accounted for; they are mostly taken from the Bible; but the melodies where did they come from, some of them so weirdly sweet, and others so wonderfully strong? Take, for instance, 'Go Down, Moses.' I doubt that there is a stronger theme in the whole musical literature of the world. Perhaps, I cannot better express what I feel about these slave songs than in the following lines I have written:

O BLACK AND UNKNOWN BARDS.

O black and unknown bards of long ago,
How came your lips to touch the sacred fire?
How, in your darkness did you come to know
The power and beauty of the minstrel's lyre?
Who first from 'midst his bonds lifted his eyes?
Who first from out the still watch, lone and long,
Feeling the ancient faith of prophets rise
Within his dark-kept soul, burst into song?

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
As "Steal away to Jesus"? On its strains
His spirit must have nightly floated free,
Though still about his hands he felt his chains.
Who heard great "Jordan roll"? Whose starward eye
Saw chariot "sawing low". And who was he
That breathed that comforting melodic sigh,
"Nebony knows de trouble I see"?

What merely living clog, what captive thing,
Could up toward God through all its darkness grope,
And find within its deepened heart to sing
These songs of sorrow, love and faith, and hope?
How did it catch that subtle undertone,
That note in music heard not with the ears?
How sound the elusive reed so seldom blown.

NEGRO IMPROVISATIONS MUSICAL AMERICA New York City Origin of Some of the Music of Savage JAN 13 1917 African Tribes

Music improvised among savage African tribes is the subject of a recent article in *Gartenlaube* of Berlin.

"We have long known," says this writer, "that negroes have a particular predilection for music. They sing all the time, everywhere, apropos of everything. It is, indeed, of very great interest to observe how the art of song aids a race which can neither read nor write to preserve the memory of certain events. Thus there was composed at Stanley Falls a few years ago a song called 'O Lupembe,' in honor of the major then resident. As surely and as rapidly as the most popular of our own refrains this song spread over the whole extent of the great empire, and to-day the farthest echoes resound with its accents.

"There is scarcely an occasion when the white man can seize upon an authentic improvisation except when one is made in his own honor while upon the march.

"At a certain moment the negro possessed of the most vigorous voice, whether it rings true or not, commences a *recitatif*, broken at regular intervals by refrains chanted in chorus by the entire caravan. The European who conducts the caravan is the hero of the song, and no eulogy is adjudged too magnificent for him."

Which stirs the soul or melts the heart to tears?

Not that great German master in his dream
Of harmonies that thundered amongst the stars
At the creation ever heard a theme
Nobler than "Go down, Moses." Mark its bars,
How like a mighty trumpet call they stir
The blood. Such are the notes that men have sung
Going to valorous deeds; such tones there were
That helped make history, when Time was young.

There is a wide, wide wonder in it all.
That from degraded rest and servile toil
The fiery spirit of the seer should call
These simple children of the sun and soil.
O black slave singers, gone, forgot, unfamed,
You—you alone, of all the long, long line
Of those who've sung untaught, unknown, unnamed,
Have stretched out upward, seeking the divine.

You sang not deeds of heroes or of kings;
No chant of bloody war, no exulting paean
Of arms-won triumphs; but your humble strings
You touched in chord with music empyrean.
You sang far better than you knew; the songs
That for your listeners' hungry hearts sufficed
Still live,—but more than this to you belongs:
You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ.

"Does it not seem strange that this greatest gift of the Negro has been the most neglected of all that he possesses? Money and effort have been expended upon his development in every other direction except this. This gift has been regarded as a sort of aside show, something for occasional exhibition, whereas it is the magic thing; it is the touchstone; it is that by which the Negro can bridge all chasms. No class of persons, however hostile, can listen to Negroes singing this wonderful music without having all their hostility melted down. Any one who can hear Negroes sing from their hearts 'Nobody Knows de Trouble I See' without shedding tears must indeed have a heart of stone. This very music can be used as bond.

"I believe the Negro possesses a valuable and much needed gift that he will contribute to the future American democracy. I have tried to point out that the Negro is here not merely to be a beneficiary of American democracy, not merely to receive. He is here to give something to American democracy. Out of his wealth of artistic and emotional endowment he is going to give something that is wanting, something that is needed, something that no other element in all the nation has to give."

ARTIST'S STRUGGLE BRINGS REWARD
Chicago Defender
Winslow's Paintings on Exhibit at Moulton and Ricketts

A struggle, a grim determination to be one of the world's best painters, coupled with education along these very lines, has caused the ray of hopes to come fitting into the home of Arthur Winslow at this stage in life. Born with the desire to become an artist, never giving up hope because encouragement was not forthcoming, and undaunted because of his color, Mr. Winslow has won merit so great that the best art critics have pronounced his work as "faultless."

Reward at Last

Last week he walked into the store of Moulton & Ricketts, East Van Buren street, with three small paintings under his arm. Knowing Mr. Moulton, he asked him what he thought of the work. The art connoisseur looked at them for a moment, and then asked the artist's name. Mr. Winslow said he was the artist that had "tried to paint" them. Mr. Moulton said for him to bring them down, and any more he had like them, and he would dispose of them. Today Mr. Winslow's paintings stand next to those of two of America's best painters, Lasser of Chicago and Hasslem of New York. These two men are white, and with Mr. Winslow, make the only three men in America that are what are called impressionistic painters, using a painter's pallet knife and never using a brush. Conveying with a well-known art critic, a Defender reporter was told that Mr. Winslow was just twenty years ahead of his time.

Learned Under Germans

This artist learned under the Mengis brothers of Munich, Germany. He has a brother in Lancashire, England, who is also a painter of rare ability, having studied under Sir Edwin Abbey, who is at present the official court painter. The three paintings on exhibition are "Lake San Cristobal, Colorado," "Kenneth Road, Logansport, Ind.," and "Peace." The last is an Indiana landscape scene. Mr. Winslow was born in Logansport, Ind. He likes landscapes. This week several well-to-do persons have called at his home to see his work. His wife and 16-year-old daughter take much pride in his work.

The Magic of Negro Music.

All the hot, passionate, savage ancestry of the Negro is depleted in the music of his occasional great composers like Coleridge Taylor.

At the Globe Music Club this coming Sunday, the discussion will be around this noted figure who died in London covered with classic fame. The lazy, languishing, sluggish life of the African tribe is never realized so picturesquely as in the melodious, weird harmonies built on tribal themes.

Vieuxtemps, the famous French violinist and composer, who toured the United States two decades ago, said that he believed that the Negro melodies of the south offered the most characteristic possibilities for American folk songs.

In conjunction with the discussion around Coleridge Taylor, there will be the lecture by Cleveland Allen, on Negro music. Interspersed with his remarks, Mr. Allen, who has made a close study among his own people, will play and sing Negro spirituals and southern tunes.

HONOR MEMORY OF LATE COLORED POET

SEPTEMBER 24 1917

Appeals Made for Uplift of Negro Race at Memorial Hall Meeting.

Speakers, white and colored, Sunday afternoon at Memorial hall, before 3000 people, paid honor to the memory of Pahl Lawrence Dunbar, poet laureate of the colored race. Speeches in honor of the Ohioan, whose life was passed in and near Dayton, were injected with appeals for uplift of the colored people.

Rev. E. L. Gilliam, ranking the late Mr. Dunbar with Longfellow and Riley, characterized the colored poet as a modest, unobtrusive man whose life was devoted to song.

Rev. E. L. Rexford of All Souls church, asserted the people have a great debt to discharge to the colored man for bringing him to this land and selling him into slavery. "Lincoln partly discharged that debt, but there is a great deal more yet to be paid," he declared. E. O. Randall praised Dunbar's efforts because of their relation to childhood. "We are all children at heart and when a poet strikes the child, he is human."

Short talks also were made by Rev. E. W. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Battelle and Elliott B. Henderson, who was instrumental in arranging the memorial. A reading was given by Miss Anna Hughes, while a double quartet furnished inspiring music, interspersed with solos by Miss Otie Gaines, Mrs. Maude Nooks Howard and Mrs. Helen Moore. Organ recitals were by Prof. Paul Chance. Rev. John W. Gazaway pronounced the invocation.

PROF ADAMS WINS NEW LAURELS.

A prominent New York music publishing concern has recently requested Prof. W. A. Adams to criticize the life and works of Coleridge Taylor with that of other noted colored musicians, for a new edition of their work. Harry Burleigh, the noted composer of New York, was also mentioned in this connection by the firm and undoubtedly the two will co-operate in same. This is a splendid tribute to the sterling qualities of one of Washington's leading colored musicians and is a great honor conferred by one of the biggest firms in the country.

Mr. Adams was again honored in

being appointed as chairman of the committee on music for the Garne Community Center, recently organized, and will announce his committee of fifteen within a few days. He sang two thrilling numbers before the center last week and was highly complimented by the reporter of the Herald present taking notes.

Mr. Tom Brown, of the Quality Amusement Company, head of a music firm in New York, and who knows all of the colored composers of note, says of Mr. Adams that he possesses more real racial music in his compositions than any other race composer of recent years since Cook and Johnson wrote their famous "Swing Along" and "Red Moon."

The Washington Times of November 22nd, paid a high compliment to Mr. Adams, perhaps the only colored man so honored by them in the past, by publishing in large display type in a double-column space top of page, a recent letter sent them by him on music. If you haven't seen it, go and get a copy of Thursday, November 22nd, and look on page 10 of the Times.

N Y C WORLD
DECEMBER 19, 1917

NEGRO'S GENIUS ACCLAIMED.

Burleigh Songs a Feature of Musical Art Anniversary Concert.

For its twenty-fifth anniversary concert last evening in Carnegie Hall, the Musical Art Society, Frank Damrosch, Director, got away from its customary type of programme and, by a discreet mixture of religious motets, negro spirituals, choral song, and a ballad for three choirs and orchestra, offered an entertainment that was appreciated by one of the largest audiences the society has had in recent years.

A novelty was "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," by Klose, an Austrian composer, termed a melodrama for reader, three choirs, organ and orchestra. The society's assistants in this number were Edith Wynne Matthison, as the reader, Gaston Dethier at the organ, the choirs of the Madison Avenue M. E. Church and Calvary Episcopal Church, and the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The three spirituals, arranged by Henry Burleigh, a negro, were well done, and Mr. Burleigh was forced to rise in the audience and acknowledge a tribute from the gathering. Miss Matthison's reading was dignified and in lovely voice.

KANSAS CITY MO TIMES
DECEMBER 8, 1917

A CROWD HEARD NEGRO TENOR

Roland Hayes's Fine Voice in Benefit Concert in Big Hall

Unfavorable weather and rival attractions, didn't deter the large audience which greeted Roland W. Hayes at Convention Hall last night. The young

negro, large, a voice of remarkable purity and his enunciation might serve as a model to those vocalists who appear to imagine that blurring words is a sign of artistry. He has an unusual gift of interpretation, catching surely and easily the mood of composer and poet. He sang Aylward's "Beloved It Is Morn" with taste, and gave a fine rendition of the swift and passionate Don Juan's Serenade of Tschalkovsky. The delicate sentiment of Campbell-Tipton's "A Spirit Flower" was well brought out and as a recall number Hayes gave an old English folk song, "No, John, No." A group of camp meeting melodies arranged by Harry T. Burleigh, a negro composer, were finely sung, the third number, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," giving the vocalist a chance to display his lower register. For the "Celestial Aids" "The Furtive Tear" from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" was substituted and for "Out on the Deep Green Sea," by Mr. Hayes, Del Reigo's "Thank God for a Garden." Another negro composition was rendered in S. Coleridge Taylor's "Elinore."

The negro community chorus, under the direction of Maj. N. Clark Smith, assisted by Prof. R. G. Jackson, sang well the anthem, "Listen to the Lambs." The religious emotion of another folk anthem, "Steal Away to Jesus," was well received. Sarasate's violin solo, "Zigeunerweisen," was played by Prof. Charles T. Watts.

The recital was a benefit for the negro contingent at Camp Funston, fifty commissioned officers and about 350 enlisted men attending. Nelson C. Crews in a patriotic talk paid a tribute to the work of Prof. J. R. E. Lee in organizing the chorus and made an earnest appeal for funds to build a negro community house at the camp.

Bulletin
Providence, R. I.

SEP 18 1918

Negroes in British Bands.

The announcement that a negro has enlisted in the Welsh Guards recalls the days when many of our regiments had black bandmen. These were first attached to the army in 1783, owing to one of the Guards' bands having refused in a body to play at an entertainment organized by the officers. As none of the men was attested they could not be punished for insubordination, so the officers petitioned the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, that bandmen should in future be made subject to military law. The Duke would not agree to this, but he brought over from Hanover for the Guards a complete German military band, which included negro players for the bass drum, cymbals and triangles. Nearly every regiment in the service hastened to reorganize its band, engaging colored performers for all percussion instruments. Down to 1841 the band of the Scots Guards included a negro musician.—London Chronicle.

MAKING GOOD

IS HE DESTINED TO LEAD THE WORLD IN HEART SONGS?

(EDITORIAL)

The mind manifests itself not only on its intellectual side, for the agent that thinks also wills and feels. The three functions of the mind are equal and each related to the other.

Oratory and music have played and will always play an important part in a world dominated by men and women. And because feeling holds such an important place in oratory and music the Negro, with his almost untouched reservoir of feeling, should more and more figure in the oratory and music of the world. In this connection "we are pleased to tell something of one who is making good in the realm of music, both as a singer and as a composer."

The path of romance runs by every Negro's door. We are the romantic race of modern times, because we are so near our beginning. No wonder Booker Washington said he'd rather belong to the Negro race than any other. There are so many thrills in the struggle upward. Reuben Lovinggood said "It is a strenuous job to be a Negro," and it is. But here the law of compensation works over time. There are no "thrillers" more thrilling than the waking hours of spring time. Just as spring time comes with its thrills of triumph over winter's storms and cold; just as new buds set the heart to dancing and the voice to song of the coming coronation of spring by summer's fuller bloom and also foretells the fall's Festival of Plenty, just so is it with a race in its early struggles, if that race has the optimism of spring time. And the Negro race has a plenty of optimism and to spare.

The world has been waiting for the great Negro singer, for we are a race of singers. Dunbar preserved in poetry as did Coleridge Tayler in musical composition something of the feeling of the race. But where is the great in-

terpreter of the race longings and feelings in vocal song? Is he here, or shall we look for another? The interesting story of Harry T. Burleigh's career as a singer and composer is the answer.

Harry T. Burleigh was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, where, during his early life, his mother was in the service of a Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, in whose home the musical artists of renown played when they visited that city. Though but a lad the fire of music had already warmed his soul. Deprived of even standing in the hallway, Harry was determined to hear Rafael Joseffy, who was announced to give a concert in the Russell home. The guests arrived. So did Harry. He would hear it at any cost; so he stood in the snow up to his knees outside the window of the drawing-room of the Russell house. There he heard the great Joseffy in his fullest powers. The lad was taken ill, pneumonia threatened, and in answer to his mother's inquiries, he told of the hours in the deep snow. The mother, realizing that such a happening ought to be prevented for the future, went to Mrs. Russell and asked if Harry might not help in the house when artists performed. Mrs. Russell was moved by this plea and arranged that he might "open the door" at the next visit of a concert artist to Erie.

Right here fits in a story told by a Walter Kraemer, who, writing about Harry Burleigh at this time of his life, said:

"At the next concert Teresa Carreño was the visiting artist. In those days she was making her early American tours. With her was a kindly lady, of whose identity the boy had no knowledge. But she played an important part in his musical life. The day Mme. Carreño played Harry Burleigh opened the door of the Russell home for the arriving and departing guests and helped the maids wait upon them. He saw the kindly lady and remembered her. He saw nothing more of her until 1892. It was then that he came down from Erie to New York—he said nothing about his mission to his family—for he had heard of the scholarships that the National Conservatory of Music was offering. He had

studied voice in Erie and had sung in the churches there. The examinations were on and he entered the lists in voice. He told me how he sang before a jury, among whom were the late Joseffy, Romualdo Sapio, Adele Margulies and a number of others. Anton Dvorak was the director of the conservatory, which then had a famous faculty. Harry Burleigh was not at first awarded the scholarship. He had fallen a bit below the mark required for one.

"The kindly lady, whom he had seen with Mme. Carreño in Erie, was registrar at the conservatory and it was to her he went to learn of his success or failure. She sympathized with him and in conversation learned that he came from Erie. Almost immediately he remembered her and taking a letter of recommendation from Mrs. Russell from his pocket he told her that he was the boy who some years before had opened the door when Mme. Carreño played at Mrs. Russell's. The lady told him to come back after a few days, that his case would be reconsidered. He did and when he returned he was awarded a scholarship. The lady was none other than the mother of our Edward MacDowell, one of the finest spirits that this country has produced, a woman loved and cherished by all who knew her.

man Burleigh helped her with the writing of class-books, with addressing letters, sending out circulars and kindred clerical matters.

"There at the conservatory he studied voice with Christian Fritsch, harmony with Rubin Goldmark, counterpoint with John White and Max Spicker. He played double bass and later tympani in the Conservatory Orchestra under Frank van der Stucken and Gustav Hinrichs and was librarian of the orchestra, as well. And there he met Dvorak."

Those who knew Dvorak in this country linked with the recollection of him the thought of Harry Burleigh. The talented young Negro greatly interested the Bohemian composer and it was partly through contact with Burleigh that

Dvorak became familiar with Negro songs, incorporating their rhythmic and melodic characteristics in compositions of his own which he hoped would point a part to the future development of a national American music. The "Symphony from the New World" and the so-called "Negro" string quartet, which were written to this end, are filled with suggestions of the composer's study and appreciation of Negro melodies and of the association of the great master with the young colored student.

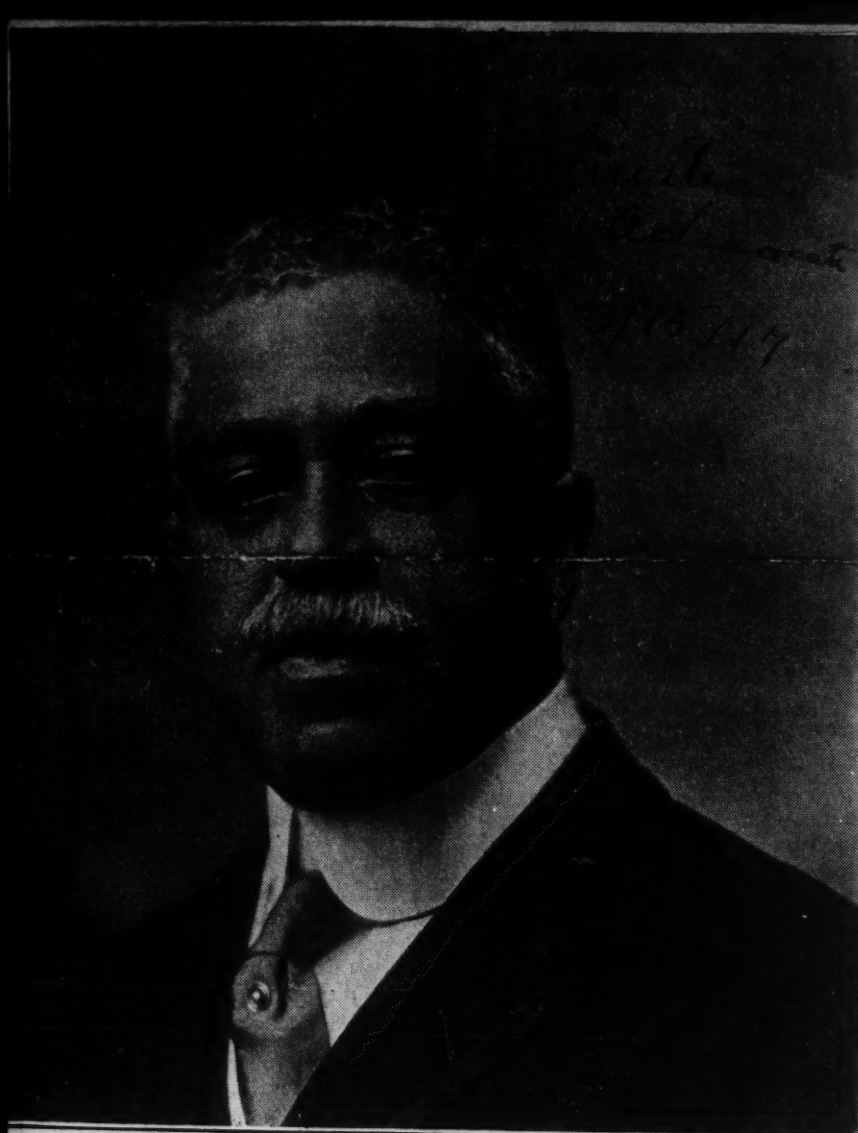
In 1894, competing with sixty applicants, Mr. Burleigh won the position of baritone soloist at St. George's Church in New York. J. Pierpont Morgan was a member of this church and at his funeral Mr. Burleigh sang a solo. Mr. Burleigh has held this position at St. George's for twenty-three years. Shortly after he was engaged at the Temple Emanu-El, a post which he has occupied for all of eighteen years. He has toured in Europe and in this country as a concert baritone and has won much praise for his gifts as a singer.

Mr. Burleigh ranks to-day as the foremost baritone of the Negro race; and it has been his rare privilege to sing for the King and Queen of England, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Crown Princess of Sweden, Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland,

Continued on Page 12.

Incomplete

COLORED ARTIST'S PORTRAIT
PAINTING DISPLAYED AT
The Freeman INSTITUTE, 3-24
At the tenth annual exhibit of painting, sculpture and work in the applied arts by Indiana artists, which was opened with a private view to artists and members of the Art Association at the John Herron Institute of Indianapolis, Ind., John Hardrick, a Colored artist, exhibited a portrait painting of the Colored artist, Will E. Scott, that is a fine likeness; but better yet is his portrait of himself. These artists received favorable mention by the judges.



HARRY T. BURLEIGH
THE NEGRO'S CONTRIBUTION TO
AMERICAN ART 10-20-

OUR ONLY ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS to the domain of American art have come to us through our negro population. If this proposition is doubted one is asked to mention what, besides the rag-time of the modern dance and the *Uncle Remus* stories of Joel Chandler Harris, has as yet "sprung from American soil and out of American life." The originality and power of these artistic creations, declares Mr. James Weldon Johnson, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, have influenced and appealed not only to America, but the world. He places the most importance upon the *Uncle Remus* stories and the spiritual or slave songs to which the Fisk Jubilee Singers made the public and musicians of the United States and Europe listen. The stories constitute the only folk-lore that America has produced, says Mr. Johnson in the *New York Evening Post*, and the slave melodies the only folk-

songs, "for in them the negro sounded the depths, if he did not scale the heights of music." Mr. Johnson also mentions the "cake-walk" and ragtime and points to the fact that we need not go very far back to remember when cake-walking was the rage of the United States, Europe, and South America. "Society in this country and royalty

abroad spent time in practising the intricate steps. Paris pronounced it the poetry of motion." Tho the popularity of the cake-walk passed away its influence remained, a fact which this apologist goes on to examine:

"The influence which the negro has exercised on the art of dancing in this country has been almost absolute. For generations, the clog and the jig, which are strictly negro dances, have been familiar to American theater audiences. Several years ago the public discovered the turkey-trot, the eagle rock, and several other varieties that started the modern dance craze. Half the floor-space in the country was then turned over to dancing, and highly paid exponents sprang up everywhere. The most noted, Vernon Castle, and, by the way, an Englishman, never danced except to the music of a colored orchestra, and he never failed to state to his audiences that most of his dances had long been done by your colored people, as he put it.

"Any one who witnesses a musical production in which there is dancing can not fail to notice the negro stamp upon all the movements, a stamp that even the great vogue of Russian dances could not affect. That peculiar swaying of the shoulders which you see done everywhere by the blond girls of the chorus is nothing more than a movement from the negro dance referred to above, the 'eagle rock.'

"Just at this point it would be interesting to trace the origin and development of ragtime, but that we must pass over. I go straight to the statement that ragtime is the one artistic production by which America is known the world over. It has been all-conquering, and is everywhere hailed as 'American

"Of course, there are those who will deny that it is an artistic production. American musicians, especially, instead of investigating ragtime, dismiss it with a contemptuous word. But that has always been the course of scholasticism in every branch of art. Whatever new thing the people like is pooh-poohed whatever is popular is spoken of as not worth while. The fact is nothing great or enduring, especially in music, has ever sprung full-fledged and unprecedented from the brain of any man. The best that he gives to the world he gathers from the hearts of the people, and runs it through the alembic of his genius.

"In spite of the bans which musicians and teachers have placed upon it, the people still demand and enjoy ragtime. One thing can not be denied: it is music which possesses at least one strong element of greatness; it appeals universally; not only the American, but the English, the French, and even the German people, find delight in it.

"In fact, there is not a corner of the civilized world in which it is not known, and this proves its originality, for if it were a imitation, the people of Europe at least would not have found it novelty. And it is proof of a more important thing; it is proof that ragtime possesses the vital spark, without which any artistic production, no matter how approved its form may be, is dead."

In spite of the amount of "worthless, vicious imitation," Mr. Johnson contends that there is enough that is genuine, mentioning "The Memphis Blues" where he thinks "the musician will find not only great melodic beauty, but a polyphonic structure that is amazing." Continuing:

"I have spoken of 'The Memphis Blues' as a composition. Strictly speaking, it is not a composition. The name of the composer printed on the copies is Handy, who is a negro musician of Memphis; but 'The Memphis Blues,' is one of those negro songs which, like *Topsy*, 'jest grew.' However, that is another story.

"We are all familiar with the great influence that ragtime

has had on music in America. Most people will recognize that influence on the musical comedy stage, but not many know that ragtime has even influenced our religious music. I do not know how many of us here are familiar with Gospel hymns, but if you are, you can at once see the great difference between the songs of thirty years ago, such as 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye,' 'The Ninety and Nine,' etc., and the up-to-date, syncopated tunes that are sung in Sunday-schools and like meetings to-day.

"Now, these dances which I have referred to in passing and ragtime music may be lower forms of art, but they give evidence of a power that will some day be applied to the higher forms. Even now we need not stop at the negro's accomplishment through these lower forms. In the spirituals or slave songs the negro has given America not only its only folk-songs, but a mass of noble music. I never think of this music but I am struck by the wonder, the miracle, of its production. How did the men who originated them manage to do it? The sentiments are easily accounted for; they are mostly taken from the Bible; but the melodies, where did they come from, some of them so weirdly sweet, and others so wonderfully strong? Take, for instance, 'Go Down, Moses.' I doubt that there is a stronger theme in the whole musical literature of the world."

Mr. Johnson expresses his wonder that "this greatest gift of the negro" should have been the most neglected of all that he possesses:

"Money and effort have been expended upon his development in every other direction except this. This gift has been regarded as a sort of side-show, something for occasional exhibition, whereas it is the magic thing; it is the touchstone; it is that by which the negro can bridge all chasms. No class of persons, however hostile, can listen to negroes singing this wonderful music without having all their hostility melted down. Any one who can hear negroes sing from their hearts 'Nobody Knows de Trouble I See' without shedding tears must indeed have a heart of stone. This very music can be used as bond.

"I believe the negro possesses a valuable and much-needed gift that he will contribute to the future American democracy. I have tried to point out that the negro is here not merely to be a beneficiary of American democracy, not merely to receive. He is here to give something to American democracy. Out of his wealth of artistic and emotional endowment he is going to give something that is wanting, something that is needed, something that no other element in all the nation has to give."

RALPH RANSOM, JR.
 10-10-17 **MUSICAL PRODIGY**
Boston Chronicle
 Master Ralph Ransom, Jr., not quite eleven years old, has entered the New England Conservatory of Music. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ransom, of 720 Shawmut avenue and is regarded a prodigy in musical circles. He had planned to enter in a class of fifteen of which he was the only Colored, but he acquitted himself so creditably at the trial examination that professors scratched their heads and said in wonderment, "he belongs beyond here." He was subsequently assigned to Professor Gardiner under whom he will learn Harmony.
 It is predicted that Master Ransom will give a good account of himself.

Music, Poetry and Art-1917

The Freeman BIOGRAPHY. 10/20/17. Thirty-Eighth Season Blind Boone Concert Company.

Blind Boone was born in Miami, Saline County, Missouri, in the Federal Camp of the Seventh Militia, in 1864.

His mother was a contraband, cooking for the soldiers, and his father was a bugler in the army.

Boone lost his sight from brain fever when six months old. His talent for music was discovered as soon as he could sit alone. He would sit on the stone hearth and play tunes with two sticks.

His first instrument was a tin whistle with which he could play an ordinary tune after once hearing it.

Next, he was presented with a mouth organ with which he charmed the whole neighborhood, the children from far and near coming to hear him.

He soon was a favorite with all and visited the best families in Warrensburg, where he lived. With these two instruments he could imitate any instrument he heard, and even the birds and farm yard animals and could entertain one for hours.

People formed such an attachment for Boone that he was sent to the St. Louis School for the Blind to be educated and to learn a trade.

This might have succeeded but for an incident: Once hearing a pupil of the institution practicing on the piano, he quit his work and stole up to the piano, and nothing could prevent his hands going to the keys.

He was soon able to finger out several pieces and it was impossible to keep his mind on anything else, so he was dismissed from the school. He wandered around St. Louis, making his living playing the mouth organ and other such instruments as he could get his hands on.

Conductor A. J. Kerry, seeing the pitiable condition of the boy put him on the train and sent him to his mother. He soon organized a company of three, and, with tambourine, triangle and mouth organ they took the road, tramping and beating their way from town to town, where they gave concerts.

He was not successful, however, and endured many hardships.

In his boyhood days around Warrensburg he was always to be found where the most boys were. He was always a favorite among them, and would never allow the boys to fight nor the girls to quarrel in his presence.

With his mouth organ he could imitate a dog or a cat, or some other animal, and the children would have to laugh and give him their attention.

A Colored gentleman, Mr. John Lange, of Columbia, Missouri, his first and only manager up to this time, took a liking to Boone and carried him to Sunday school to play for the children. He also made a contract with Boone's mother to educate him in music and put him on the road.

He has been very successful in pleasing the people since this is his thirty-seventh unbroken season on the road.

Mr. Lange has this to say of Boone: "I have known Boone since he wore short dresses, and can truthfully say he has not an enemy in the world. As an entertainer, I believe him to be the greatest man living today. This is a broad statement, but we can prove it by facts. He has been on the road over thirty years and given more piano recitals than any other living man.

"He has never been in a town or city that he did not have a return date to a paying business.

"Every night I am asked dozens of such questions: 'Where and how did Boone lose his sight?' 'How long has he been on the road?' 'How many concerts has he given?' 'How many miles do you suppose he has traveled?' 'How many different beds has he slept in?' 'How many dollars has the company handled?' 'How much has he raised for churches and charity?' 'How much is he worth, and where is his home?' 'Is he married or single?' 'Is his mother living or dead?' 'Has he brothers or sisters?' 'What class of music does he play?' 'Who is his favorite composer?' 'Has he compositions of his own?' 'How many pianos has he worn out and what is his favorite piano.'

"Our record shows a continuous period of thirty-six years of ten months each, and six concert a week, which would make 8,650 concerts.

"The distance would average 20 miles a day; or 216,000 miles, with sleeping in probably 8,250 beds.

"Paid to churches, halls and charities on the average of \$25 a day \$216,000.

"About three artists a week play for Boone, or about 4,000 artists, many of them well known to the musical world. Boone's compositions and improvisations consist of:

"Boone's Compositions."

1. Waltz De Concert No. 1 Tarantella.
2. Waltz De Concert No. 2, Caprice Africaine No. 1.
- "Sparks Gallop De Concert, Caprice Africaine No. 2.

Gavotte Chromantique, "Spinning Song" Woodland Murmurs "Serenade." "The Whippoorwill" Romance, Josephine Polka.

Reveries.

1. The Spring. 2. Echoes of the Forest. 3. Humming Bird.
- "Transcriptions with Boone's Variation" Nearer My God to Thee. My Old Kentucky Home. Old Folks at Home. "Nicomachus" Melodies De Negress. Songs.

"Cler" "Dinah's Barbecue," "You Can't Go to Glory That Way," "When I Meet That Oon Tonight," "Wha Shall We Go," "Signs of the Times" (words by Dunbar) music by Boone, "Georgia Melon"—Boone, "You Can't Make It Win at the Gate," "The Melon Season Is Over," "Dat Morning in the Sky," "That Little German Band," "Thanksgiving Turkey," "That Only Chicken Pie."

"In his own home in Columbia, Mo., Boone owns a Chickering, a Steinway, an Estey and several other makes. Columbia is the seat of the State University, the Athens of Missouri where he has thousands of visitors every year.

The people of Columbia take great pleasure in pointing out his home to strangers. One can discover that he has not wasted his time or money. Thousands of men with good eyes have not done nearly so well.

"The question is often asked 'How does Boone keep so well posted on music?' Ever since there have been self-playing pianos, Boone has had one. He has at last succeeded in getting a Cecilian that plays 88 notes. It would interest one to see the pleasure Boone gets out of it. He has a large musical library—Beethoven's works, Liszt's, Chopin's and all of the old masters.

"He puts in day and night with these. The most difficult pieces he masters in a few hours, and ordinary pieces he can produce after hearing them only once. Boone has had more eminent artists play for him than any other living man and he never forgets a voice or the shake of a hand.

"Any person who has played for Boone a piece of merit is always remembered. I have known him to reproduce for friends music they had played for him thirty years before, and the persons themselves would have forgotten they ever knew the piece till Boone reminded them of the circumstances.

"Boone never sulks as did his famous predecessor, Blind Tom, nor does he allow anyone else to sulk around him. His favorite saying is: 'Just as you live, just so you die.' He says time is too short and sweet to please the devil a moment.

"Boone is charitable, and I have been authorized by him whenever I see a deserving person in need of assistance, to assist such person in his name.

Art and Artists.

NOVEMBER 22, 1917
The MacDowell Club, 108 West Fifty-fifth street. They are of a type distinctly American, which, perhaps, has its roots in the work of Winslow Homer, and are glowing in color and characterized by a refreshing freedom from mannerisms and a frankness of attack. The most interesting canvases are "Moose Island Inlet" and "Noon at the County Fair." Another vigorous painter represented is James Welland, who confines himself more to figure compositions. His work shows the influence of Sorolla to a certain extent. His portrait heads of men are exceedingly strong, and "Sweet Peas" is a picture worth studying. In "The Handicap," an overcrowded canvas, the artist has been less successful in arranging his composition, and the snapshot cleverness is jarring. Martinus Anderson handles brilliant colors effectively and designs his pictures in an interesting way, and there are an iris garden and other flower subjects broadly brushed in with pure color by Bion Barnett. Alice Judson's landscapes and portrait of a young girl have a certain charm. Her canvas called "The Homestead" is probably the most complete. The composition and delicate color scheme are agreeable and sunlight is well expressed. W. McKillop's work is notably uneven. An apparently early composition, called "The Letter," is a charming bit of quiet tonality, and "Peggy" and "The Artist's Wife" treated in an entirely different way, and "La Bretonne" are convincing characterizations; but the most interesting of Mr. McKillop's contributions is a very small picture—"La-voir, Concarneau." Other painters represented in the exhibition, which lasts through Sunday, are Maurice Debonnet, F. G. Detwiller, and Dent Robinson.

Some paintings of the Maine coast by George Pearse Ennis strike a forceful note in the current exhibition at the MacDowell Club, 108 West Fifty-fifth street. They are of a type distinctly American, which, perhaps, has its roots in the work of Winslow Homer, and are glowing in color and characterized by a refreshing freedom from mannerisms and a frankness of attack. The most interesting canvases are "Moose Island Inlet" and "Noon at the County Fair." Another vigorous painter represented is James Welland, who confines himself more to figure compositions. His work shows the influence of Sorolla to a certain extent. His portrait heads of men are exceedingly strong, and "Sweet Peas" is a picture worth studying. In "The Handicap," an overcrowded canvas, the artist has been less successful in arranging his composition, and the snapshot cleverness is jarring. Martinus Anderson handles brilliant colors effectively and designs his pictures in an interesting way, and there are an iris garden and other flower subjects broadly brushed in with pure color by Bion Barnett. Alice Judson's landscapes and portrait of a young girl have a certain charm. Her canvas called "The Homestead" is probably the most complete. The composition and delicate color scheme are agreeable and sunlight is well expressed.

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At the Coady Galleries, 489 Fifth avenue, a most entertaining exhibition of paintings and drawings by Negro children is nearing its close. It is held under the auspices of the Circle for Negro War Relief, a special organization, organized to meet the urgent needs of Negro soldiers actively engaged in their country's service and to render the necessary assistance to their families. Fourteen boys and girls from seven to thirteen years old are represented, and some of them have remarkable feeling for design and color. A picture of a three-masted schooner scudding over the water—the work of Andrew Chandler—is surprisingly forceful, considering that it is by a nine year old. The medium-water color—is ably handled, and that the facts were well registered in the child's mind is evident. Nancy Valdine's "Dancers" are naively expressive, and "Flag Day," by P. W. Henderson, aged thirteen, indicates that he is a keen observer. He has approached an ambitious subject bravely and the result is promising. One finds a child's conception of the

glare and bustle of Coney Island, another's impression of a walk in Central Park, and so on. The exhibition will be on to Saturday, inclusive, and perhaps Monday. H. C. N.

Kitty Cheatham Would Preserve Negro Songs

In the inimitable recital of Kitty Cheatham at the Jefferson theater on Thursday evening this woman of perennial youth and charm in the course of her delightfully artistic program made a heart-felt appeal for the preservation of the negro songs not only as a valuable contribution to the literature of the world, but as a tribute to the splendid heroism which marked the service of the originators of these songs.

This appeal from the cleverest interpreter of these songs recall a letter recently written to Mrs. George Houston Davis, president of the local biennial board by Miss Alma Rittenberry, which is given in part.

"The negro is a part of America as much as her rocks and trees. The negro's life, his deeds and heroisms are interwoven in American history; he represents something besides cotton bales and hogheads of molasses, 'hoodooism' and 'dry bones'."

"I am so glad that the preservation of the old negro songs of the south is going to be given some consideration by the tenth biennial of the National Federation of Music Clubs. I have tried several times to get some interest taken to preserve them. I wrote to Mr. Jerome Green, member of the board of directors of the Rockefeller foundation, a few years ago. He referred me to Professor Herriok, Harvard university, then I appealed to the Birmingham Writers' club, which referred me to the Alabama Dialect-Folklore Association. I had hoped that the League of Southern Women Writers would take up the work as a work worthy of preservation, but so far they have not given it any attention.

"The negro songs of the south breathe a spirit unlike anything else in the world. The genuine African song is wild, savage and sometimes commanding; the slave song of the south is plaintive, deep, emotional. It is the voiced soul of a people who sat in bondage.

"Some of them have been preserved, in fragments at least. The wise men who have conducted the Hampton institute have appreciated the value of this music and have collected a few of the old songs. On state occasions the institute pupils sing them with that peculiar intonation characteristic of all negro music.

"To say the least, these songs are a picturesque bearing on the new south, and is a romance and poem on the old south that will assert itself in history as are the 'Border Tales' of Scotland and the 'King Arthur Legends.' With all his faults, he is a remnant recollection of the south's palmiest days of prosperity, and of her darkest days of adversity, always her friend, never her enemy, triumphant in her victory, downcast at her defeat. No more touching tales of fidelity can ever be told than of the slave who stayed at home during the civil war to take care of the family, while father and son, 'Old Marster' and 'Young Marster' went to war against the slaves' own freedom."

Miss Marie C. James, one of the most efficient teachers in the music department of the public schools of Washington, D. C., performed the astonishing feat of making three years of a four-year course in a single summer this year at the Cornell University School of Music. She had already earned a supervisor's diploma from the American Institute of Normal Methods in Boston, after a three years' course. She put in one summer at the University of Pennsylvania and two at Columbia, New York City—making seven



When Shopping, Think of the Kids Across the Way.

summers of intensive musical training. She also took special work in voice culture under Sidney Lloyd Wrightson, of the Washington College of Music, and was regarded by him as one of the most proficient and enthusiastic pupils that had ever come to his notice. Miss James, therefore, possesses an equipment that enables her to render service of the most satisfactory character in the Washington schools. Miss James is a mezzo-contralto of rare quality and her annual recitals are rated as the musical treat of the year.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS
The Art and Letters Society announces its first exhibition of paintings by Chicago artists in Assembly hall of the Y. M. C. A., Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 21, 1917.

Mr. Ross Crane, head of the extension department of the Chicago Art Institute, will speak at night, subject, "Art and Life." Some of the artists whose paintings will be presented are Francis Leroy Holmes, Wm. F. Harper,

Wm. M. Farrow, Jesse Stubbs, Edward Knox, R. M. Williams, Archibald Motley and Chas. C. Dawson.

During the afternoon exhibit from 3 to 5 ladies will serve Russian tea, and patrons desiring may view the pictures from 7 to 9 o'clock in the evening before the lecture. *Dec. 22, 1917.*

Mr. W. H. Dorsey—Composer

Mr. Dorsey, the talented young Afro-American composer, has opened an office at 89, Oxford street, London, where he is arranging music for composers, as well as devoting considerable time to composition from his own pen. He is also acting as an agent for composers, introducing new music to publishers. Any of our friends in England or abroad who desire to have their compositions published here should communicate with him at once.

This reminds us that we have received, by the last West African mail, copies of Mr. Allotey-Pappoe's latest musical compositions. The West African composer's work shows great promise. The manuscript before us is a very beautiful setting of the "Church Service" (Part II.), "For Opening of Divine Services," "Festival Te Deum," and "Nunc Dimittus." This work should be more widely known, especially in England and the United States. We are, however, of the opinion that Mr. Allotey-Pappoe's excellent work would find a wider demand were he to devote a portion of his energies to West African folk-songs and West African Native dances. Many composers can write hymn tunes and church services, but few have the facilities for performing the work which lies ready to Mr. Allotey-Pappoe's hand. Besides this, the advance of Western civilisation in Africa is gradually obliterating those Native customs and institutions of which we should be proud, and Mr. Allotey-Pappoe will be performing a work of national importance should he see his way to adopt our suggestion.

CHARLOTTE & OBSERVER
SEPTEMBER 30, 1917

NEGRO MELODY

The Southern negro cannot work in groups unless he can sing. Wherever a gang of workmen is seen, whether in excavating a street or in erecting a building or in any sort of constructive occupation, he must sing—they must all sing together, the pick or the hammer keeping time to the rhythm of the song. When some of the Northwestern troops first reached Camp Greene they could not make out the meaning of the negro singing. Perhaps some of them regarded the black man with feelings of awe. At any rate they were interested at the manner in which the negroes went about their tasks. Lieutenant Stout of the Oregon troops has been writing to his home paper, The Portland Oregonian, about it. "One of the sights that interested us most," he tells the people back home, "was to see the negro workmen who were erecting a gigantic tower to hold the 200,000-gallon water tank which supplies the camp with water. Shortly after the arrival more than 100 of the Westerners were gathered around, watching and listening to the negroes as they worked and sang the songs of the South. When the Army trucks arrived the cavalymen attempted to imitate the songs of the laborers as they pitched their tents. Needless to say, they were most successful in pitching their tents."

There are very few writers who have been successful in reproducing the negro dialect. Uncle Remus has come nearer it than any white man ever born. But the reproduction of negro melody is an impossibility. It is an art in which the negro safely holds a monopoly. Glee clubs have tried it

and failed. The average negro minstrel company is a miserable counterfeit. Negro melody is an inherited talent. It can be imparted to others by no process of education. The negro solo and the negro chorus are beyond imitation. The negro is a natural-born singer, the better voices being in the traditional possession of the men. And while negro melody of spontaneous production is best given demonstration in the laborers' chorus, such as our Oregon soldiers were fascinated with, it is in the churches that the negro melody comes into its finest appreciation. Little Rock church in Charlotte is famed for its song service. Grace Methodist church is another institution where negro singing approximates perfection, and the church on the corner of College and Seventh streets is yet another which is often visited for its musical attractions. When one wants to find the soul of the Southern negro he must look for it in the song.

CHICAGO ILL. JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER 8, 1917

The Negro in Music

Will Irwin reports from Paris that the French like our old-fashioned negro melodies, but find them very puzzling.

There are several things to be said to that. One might retort that Americans feel much the same way about the compositions of De Bussy, or thank his national stars that the French are judging our musical taste by the old-time darky melodies instead of their baseborn offspring, known as "coon songs." But is it not significant that a musical people like the French should pick these melodies as the most characteristic American music—especially when we remember that the great Bohemian composer, Dvorak, did the same?

Lafcadio Hearn proved that in a strict sense, there are no negro melodies. That is to say, there are no airs in this country which were imported directly from Africa. What are called such are negro adaptations of old French, Spanish and English tunes. But this does not alter the fact that the black slave gave such an acceptable version of these ancient airs that his masters remembered the adaptation, rather than the original. Whatever the influence of the negro on other matters in America, there can be little doubt of his valuable contribution to American music.

COLUMBUS O CITIZEN

SEPTEMBER 24, 1917

HONOR NEGRO POET

White people and colored, Sunday, at Memorial Hall, honored the memory of Paul Laurence Dunbar, poet laureate of the negro race.

The meeting was arranged by Elliott B. Henderson, who was chairman. Among the speakers were Colonel J. G. Battelle and Mrs. Battelle, Rev. E. L. Gilliam, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. E. W. Moore, Rev. John W. Gazaway, E. O. Randall and Mrs. Henry Linden.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1917

Miss Maude Roberts, of Chicago, and Roy W. Tibbs, of Howard

University, gave a joint recital at the Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago. The critic of the Chicago American says; "Of the rare charm and tenderness of Miss Roberts' lovely soprano it is impossible to write too glowing praise.

The Young singer possesses one of the most appealing, caressing voices I have ever heard. In mezza-voice and pianissimo passages and sustained tones the quality takes on an ethereal hue of great beauty. Of Mr. Tibbs the critic said; "He exhibited a fluent polished technique and a very refined style."

The Crisis May, 1917. P 34-35

The Boston Transcript of a recent date devotes two columns to the "Rise and Progress of Harry T. Burleigh," the distinguished Afro-American baritone composer. Of Mr. Burleigh's new song, "In the Wood of Finvara," Musical America of March 17th. says: "Mr. Burleigh writes today with a greater freedom, a tenser emotionalism, a broader suggestion and withal a subtler touch than in his songs last year. * * * 'In the Wood of Finvara' is a masterpiece. We are certain of that: and we know that it is not the exception with its composer. This song seems to be made up of a series of inspired moments, which taken collectively, constitute a very important contribution to the literature of the contemporary art-song."

The Crisis, May, 1917. P. 42.

The Crisis February, 1917.

The first Performance in New York, of Harry T. Burleigh's Negro Spirituals "Go! Sad" "Father Abraham", and "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?" Set for mixed voices, aroused much enthusiasm when sung by the Choral Art Club of Brooklyn N.Y., at the first concert of the season, December 20, at the Academy of Music in that city. At the close of the group of folk-songs, conductor Cornell signalled Mr. Burleigh to rise and share the applause. Musical America says: "Mr. Burleigh has realized every possibility in his arrangements and contributed an important item to the literature."

The Crisis January 1917. P 189.

"Rachel" the race-play written by Miss Angelina W. Grimce, was presented

at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts on May the twenty-fourth under the auspices of the Sunday School of Saint Barthlemews' Church. The principals although amateur actors, deserved mention for the splendid performance of their roles. The part of Rachel was taken by Mrs. Harriet Keelan Johnson. During the intermission, Coleridge-Taylor numbers were played by a selected trio, consisting of Maud Cuney Hare, pianist; Clarence Cameron White, violinist, and J. Harrel, 'cellist.

The Crisis, July, 1917. P. 141.

Musical America says of R. Nathaniel Dett's "Music" in the Mine described as "an unaccompanied folk-song scene".- "The whole thing is original, splendidly conceived, and it should make a very attractive number for efficient choral organization." The piece is dedicated to the Australian pianist composer, Percy Grainger, who is an admirer of Afro-American folk-songs.

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The Crisis, May, 1917, P. 42.

The Washington D.C. Star says: "A head of a child sculpted by Mrs. May Howard Jackson, of this city, has recently been placed on exhibition in the lower loan room of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. It is an admirable piece of work, well constructed, nicely modeled, and expressive, and it takes its place well among the works in the gallery by sculptors of more experience and greater reputation."

The rendition of Faust at the Lafayette Theatre, New York, and at the Howard Theatre, Washington, D. C. by colored players was an unusually commendable presentation. The Mahisto of William B. Townsend and the Marguerite of Abbie Mithell merited especial mention.

The Crisis May 1918. P 31.

A Novelty on the program of Olga Samoff with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was Ignorwald Otterstrom's "American Negro Suite," based on Negro religious melodies.

The Crisis February, 1917. P. 190.

The \$20,000 building erected for Morris College, in Sumter, South Carolina, has been named in honor of Mr. Mc. Gowan, a colored Farmer who donated \$500 toward the fund.

The Crisis February 1917. P. 190.

A lengthy and interesting article, "From Vandeville Turn to Composer's Desk- The Rise and Progress of James Rosamond Johnson Into Writer and Apostle of Negro Music Taken Seriously" is published in the Boston Transcript of February 17. A Group of Negro melodies, freshly developed for concert use by Mr. Johnson, is soon to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company.

The Crisis April, 1917. P 294.

Professor Carl Ditson's "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot", a transcription for the organ, is among the new publications issued by the G. Schirmer, Company. The piece is said by the reviewers to be a church or concert voluntary of unusual beauty and makes use of all the resources of the instrument.

The Crisis April, 1917. P 294.

Among the new singers who are to be noted are Miss Maud

J. Roberts, of Chicago, a pupil of HERMAN DeVries, Miss Gleota J. Collins, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. L. B. Doyne, the Baritone of Springfield, who is studying in New York.

The Crisis March, 1917. P. 242.

Mrs. Anna Burkhart, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is a colored artist with a large number of white pupils. Her portrait of the late Booker T. Washington has been hung by the Board of Education in the Lincoln High School.

The Crisis April, 1917. P 230.

Mr. J. N. Corbin, a Mexican, and from his picture, evidently of Negro descent, is a sculptor of skill. His most important work is the great Madero monument, a model of which is in the national Academy of arts, in the city of Mexico.

The Crisis March, 1917. P. 241.

The song "Pretty Baby" which has so popular in Kingfield's "Polliwag" was composed by Tony Jackson, a colored piano player of Chicago, Ill., and sold to the publishers for forty-five dollars.

The Crisis April, 1917. P 230.

Prominent white singers are giving important places on their programs to the words of Leveaux Thompson, a Negro song writer of New York. City. Max Schumann-Heink will feature "Heart Discovered," and Mabelle Story, the sensation of the Hippodrome last season, "Love Comes But Once," and Mandy Wren "For Some Heart."

The Crisis February, 1917. P. 189.

The Washington D.C., says: "A head of a child modeled by Mrs. May Howard Jackson, of this city, has recently been placed on exhibition in the lower room of the Governor's gallery of Art. It is an admirable piece of work, well considered, nicely modeled, and expressive, and it takes its place among the works in the gallery of sculptors of more experience and greater reputation."

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The Crisis May 1916. P. 31.

A Novelty on the program of Old Time Fiddlers in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was "Schubert's Overture to 'The American Negro Suite', based on Negro religious melodies."

The Crisis February, 1917. P. 180.

The \$20,000, building erected for Morris College, in Sumter, South Carolina, has been named in honor of Mr. ~~James~~ ^{Henry} James, a colored farmer who owned \$200 worth of land.

The Crisis February, 1917. P. 180.

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Composer's Desk- The Rise and Progress of James Rosemond Johnson into writer and Apostle of Negro Music Partially published in the Boston Transcript of February 17. A group of Negro melodies, freely developed for concert use by Mr. Johnson, is soon to be published by the G. P. Putnam Company.

The Crisis April, 1917. P. 284.

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The Crisis April, 1917. P. 284.

Among the new singers who are to be noted are Miss

J. Roberts, of Chicago, a pupil of Emma Jeffries, Miss Cleveland, of New York, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. L. B. Dwyer, the baritone of Springfield, who is studying in New York.

The Crisis March, 1917. P. 242.

Mrs. Anna Burckhardt, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is a colored artist with a large number of white pupils. Her portrait of the late Booker T. Washington has been hung by the Board of Education in the Lincoln High School.

The Crisis April, 1917. P. 280.

Mr. J. H. Correa Silva, a Mexican, and from his picture, evidently of Negro descent, is a sculptor or artist. His most important work is the great Madero monument, a model of which is in the National Academy of Arts, in the city of Mexico.

The Crisis March, 1917. P. 264.

The song "Pretty Baby" which has so popular in Ziegfeld's "Follies" was composed by Tony Jackson, a colored piano player of Chicago, Ill., and sold to the publishers for forty-five dollars.

The Crisis April, 1917. P. 280.

Prominent white singers are giving important parts on their program to the works of Dekoven Thompson, a Negro song writer of New York. City. Mr. Schumann-Maink will feature "Heart Disclosed" and "Maggie's Story," the sensation of the hippodrome last season. "Love Comes Out Once," and "Mandy When You Coming Back."

The Crisis February, 1917. P. 189.

The Epic of The Black Man

(From the New Republic) 9/20/17

The Negro singing orchestra which furnished the music in connection with the Negro plays presented by Mrs. Hapgood at the Garden Theatre last spring served to remind the public of the remarkable fund of music which the colored race has given to America. The program was, in fact, an epitome of the Negro's musical genius. This revelation of his capacity for the most brilliant rhythmic vitality, the most lively musical humor, and the most intense emotional visualization, must have come as a surprise to most of the listeners. At least the program demonstrated how false is the superficial notion that the Negro's sole contribution to music has been rhythmic. As a matter of fact, the colored race during its sojourn on this continent has produced a well rounded folk-music worthy of comparison in range and quality to the best in Europe. This folk-music, interpreted with the aid of modern social psychologist, becomes an eloquent record of the life of the black man in slavery.

The Negro lived for a century or more in a primitive state surrounded by a higher civilization. Being reminded every hour of the day of his inferior status he acquired a strong racial and communal feeling. And this communal feeling, this sense of a group solidarity pitted against obstacles, has always found expression in folk-art. The social group has its ambitions, its fears and its sorrows distinct from those of the individual. There is a group mind analogous to the individual mind, but distinct from it, which cherishes its peculiar deities, taboos and repressions. To the primitive European tribe the chief enemy to be fought or placated was Nature. The individual had his personal enemies and his individual problems, but the friendliness or hostility of Nature was something that concerned the whole group. So the English peasant, in a ritual inherited from Druidical times, pays homage to a tree on May-day to symbolize the fertilization of the earth by Nature secretly hoping that the gods will take the hint and give him a good crop. Though the individual is rarely conscious of the meaning of his folk-lore, deep in the consciousness of the group there persists the desire which continually seeks aesthetic satisfaction in the multiplication of rites and symbols. This folk-art, according to the modern interpretation, is a symbol of the racial will. And thus the folk-song is not merely a song sung by many but a song created by the group

mind to express the group desire. It is doubtless the friction between that generates artistic creation either in the individual or the folk. In the case of the primitive English or Russian peasant the repression came probably from the fear of displeasing the deities of Nature. But with the Negro the case was different. He had no concern with Nature. He was fed and housed in any weather, and was unmoved by the prospects of the cotton crop. His racial enemy was the white man and his racial desire freedom. However little personal enmity the individual slave may have felt for his master, however much he may have dreaded the responsibilities of freedom, the subconscious mind of the group longed to be rid of its chains. But the Negro's longing for freedom was precisely the one emotion to which he dared to give open expression, under pain of the lash. Here then, was set up the folk-repression. The Negro sought a channel for artistic solace, into which he could throw the symbolism of his racial longing. He found it in the religion taught to him by Protestant missionaries or taught him by his masters. Here he was free to dream his dreams and create his visions of future happiness, for no master could punish him for praising God. Thus he "found religion," and in religion he found no mood of his simple soul unexpressed.

It is, then not so hard to understand why the Negro's folk-song is, in its superficial form, so predominantly religious. The "spirituals" of the camp-meeting show quite a uneccelesiastical variety of style and mood, a variety, in fact, co-extensive with the emotional range of simple peasant life. They include lively dances, bitter laments, paeans of joy and mainly organ-like anthems. In the Bible stories which are retold in ballad form in some of the spirituals the Negro found expression for his buoyant, genial humor. Nearly all the familiar moods of folk-song, from the gayest to the most profoundly tragic, are to be found under the religious veil which permitted the slave to live his own varied emotional life without interference from his master.

The Negro, has, in short, reproduced on our continent the whole creative process which brought forth the Russian, German and English folk-music. This communal process, in which the group absorbs and welds the spontaneous individual contributions, parallels that of conscious composition, but with two

points of difference—that the creative contributions come from many individuals instead of from one, and that the process of criticism and selection is instinctive instead of deliberate. It is true that the Negro found his musical materials (scales, cadences, melodic formulae and the like) supplied to him ready made in the missionaries' hymn tunes. But this civilized music did not satisfy, much less absorb, his musical creativeness. It merely permitted him to begin at a stage several centuries beyond the primitive genesis of music. From the hymn tunes he took the major scale and the elements of musical structure. But his instinct, his native African impulse, remained naive and creative. He learned no melody which he did not alter and few which he did not improve. In that most communal of all rituals, the "shout," the gospel melodies were torn to bits by the Negro's religious emotionalism, and from it they emerged—not all, but many—re-created in rhythm, scale and feeling. The droning hymn-tune had become rhythmic and vigorous. Their pale sentimentalism had become transformed in the mould of primitive scales and vitalized in the honest sensuousness of the dance. Their Italianate melodies had been made to conform to the rhythmic genius of the English language with a fidelity that has not often been matched in the history of English composition.

Read as an interpretation of the Negro's racial soul, these songs form a sort of epic of the black race in subjection. Pictures of a life of patient servitude, apocalyptic visions of deliverance, croonings of anguish and riotous festivals of rejoicing—these are the fragments of a splendid composite picture of a racial epoch. In the heat of his desire for emotional solace the Negro seizes the most extravagant images from the Bible. Pictures of golden harps and fiery chariots recompense him for his days of hopeless drudgery in the cotton fields. One thinks of the fragmentary epic of Jewish deliverance in the Bible, with its psalms of lamentation and rejoicing, its songs of Moses and Deborah. From the Negro spirituals, no less than from the Jewish rhapsodies, we can piece together a stirring record of a race emerging from bondage.

An interpreter of folk-psychology like Jung easily traces the imagery and symbolism of the spiritual to its source. But the evidence at hand is sufficient to suggest the outlines of interpretation, even the system rose above the border-line of consciousness. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson once told how a regiment of black soldiers in the Civil War sang a song with the refrain, "The Lord will call us home." And a darky drummer boy volunteered this explanation: "Dey tink de Lord mean for say de Yankees." Nor were those

white men of Georgetown, S. C., wholly dense when they jailed a number of Negroes for singing a spiritual with the line, "We'll soon be free"—though Colonel Higginson, ignorant of Jung, testifies that "the song had no reference to slavery." Veiled references to slavery are absent from scarcely one of the spirituals. The slaves must have been thinking sub-consciously of their social, not of their spiritual estate, when they sang, "Nobody knows the trouble I see," or "I don't want to stay here no longer." In anguish they crooned:

"Bendin' knees a-achin',
Body rack'd wid pain!
I wish I was a child of God,
I'd git home bimeby."

Yet there is defiance in this song:

"You may bury me in the East,
You may bury me in the West,
But I'll hear the trumpet sound in
that morning."

And there is heroic confidence, like that of an army marching to victory, in that most splendid of the spirituals:

"Walk together, children,
Don't you get a-weary;
Dere's a great camp-mmetin' in de
promised land."

What are the words "home," "trumpet" and "camp-meeting" but sub-conscious symbols of that word which was to the slave the most precious and the most dangerous of all—"freedom?"

Yet when freedom was at last gained there were no more songs about it. There are few enough preserved from slavery days. The work of collecting was largely done by amateur, unscientific hands and along with the few masterpieces there is much trash. But after all only a few isolated regions have been drawn upon, and perhaps unskilled investigators have failed to glean the songs which were closest to the Negro soul. It is not too late, perhaps, for a research expedition in charge of a thoroughly equipped colored musician, such as Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson, to rescue the vanishing folk-lore of the black people, and especially the neglected secular song. Such an expedition offers a fine opportunity to some patron of music who wishes to have part in securing to America her richest native musical heritage.

HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

Program of The Sixth Annual Session of the Progressive State

Musical Convention.

Nashville Globe

To Convene With the First Baptist Church and Choir, Roland, Ark. Rev. L. H. Highshaw, pastor, April 18th to 22nd, 1917.

4/13/17
FIRST DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION

2:30—General Praise Service, conducted by the Director.
3:00—Scripture Reading—Rev. L. H. Highshaw.
3:10—Music by the Convention and Invocation by Rev.
3:30—Music by the convention conducted by Prof. J. M. Lovelace, English, Ark.
4:00—Informal Conference—J. B. Bowers of Jacksonville, Ark.
Collection and intermission.

FIRST DAY—EVENING SESSION

7:00—Praise Service, conducted by Bro A. L. Thomas, Wampoo, Ark.
7:30—Scripture Reading by Elder L. T. Thornton, Koe, Ark. R. F. D., No. 1.
7:45—Welcome Address by Bro. A. Lewis.
Response by Bro. Jno. McClure, Little Rock, Ark.
8:15—Sermon by Rev. J. E. Brown, Little Rock, Ark.
Collection and intermission.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION

9:00—Praise Service, conducted by Prof. A. L. Fowler, Bigelow, Ark.
9:30—Scripture Reading and Invocation—Bro. H. A. Albert, Scott, Ark.
10:00—Blackboard Demonstration (Subject: Transposition—Prof. S. Hines, Argenta, Ark.)
10:55—Music by the Convention.
11:00—Introductory Sermon—Rev. C. A. Perry, Little Rock, Ark.
Collection and intermission.

SECOND DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION

1:30—Union Singing, conducted by Prof. L. M. Bell, Conway, Ark.
2:00—Scripture Reading and Invocation—James Lucky, Wampoo, Ark.
2:30—Report and Election of Officers
3:30—Paper, subject: Freedom—Sister C. A. Perry, Little Rock, Ark.
3:35—"The Peoples Defender" discussed by the editor.
4:00—Quartet—First Baptist Church England, Ark.
4:30—Bass Solo—Mr. Andrew Warn.
4:40—Introduction of visitors.
Collection and intermission.

SECOND DAY—EVENING SESSION

7:30—Music by the Convention

Helena, Ark.
Solo—Willie Kinmore.
Collection and intermission.
THIRD DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

- 1:00—Praise Services, conducted by Prof. Johnson.
1:30—Scripture Reading and Invocation.
2:00—Paper by Bro. Tom Bynum, Pettus, Ark.
Response—Sister Ella B. Sanders, Argenta, Ark.
3:00—Blackboard Demonstration—M. D. Rand, England, Ark.
4:00—Paper—Miss Emma Bell, Plummerville, Ark.
Response—Prof. G. Long, McAlmont, Ark.
5:00—Introduction of visitors.
Collection and intermission.

THIRD DAY—EVENING SESSION.

- 7:30—Praise Service, conducted by Rev. M. L. Harris, Tucker, Ark.
7:40—Scripture Reading—Rev. T. W. Washington.
7:50—Male Quartette—Big 4 from First Baptist, Little Rock, Ark.
8:00—Solo—Sister Tommie Cale.
8:10—Sermon—Dr. J. P. Robinson, Little Rock, Ark.
Collection and intermission.

FOURTH DAY—MORNING SESSION

- 9:00—Music, conducted by Prof. W. T. Holloway.
9:30—Scripture Reading and Invocation—Rev. A. L. Jones, Keo.
10:00—Musical Review, beginning at the A. B. C. of music and including the forming of new keys—J. W. Adams, England, Ark.
11:00—Solo—Miss M. Nichols, Roland, Ark.
11:15—Paper—Mrs. Pearl Long, McAlmont, Ark.
11:30—Response—Prof. H. Hill, Little Rock, Ark.
Collection and intermission.

FOURTH DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

- 1:30—Music by Huston Choir.
2:10—Scripture Reading—Rev. B. H. Hains.
Report of all Committees.
Collection and intermission.

Saturday Night Concert, conducted by the Director.

FIFTH DAY—MORNING SESSION.

- 9:30—Sunday School, conducted by the Superintendent of the First Baptist Church, Roland, Ark.
11:00—Sermon by the President.
Collection and adjournment.
REV. N. NICHOLS, President.
MRS. PEARL LONG, Secretary.
—The People's Defender.

STATE

COLUMBIA 6 C

MAR 4 - 1917

CAROLINA GIRL'S SONGS HAVE WIDE POPULARITY

Lily Strickland-Anderson is Accounted by Musical Journals as Holding Secure Position "in the Forefront of American Composers"—Contributor to Musical Press.

Special to The State.

New York, March 3.—When South Carolinians are counting over the distinguished sons and daughters of their State, they should turn to the musical world for there they will find a daughter who today is recognized as a leading composer. Lily Strickland-Anderson, thought a very young woman, is today one of the leading composers among America's musical geniuses. "Lily Strickland, a versatile young composer, has written groups of Irish, negro and Oriental songs,"

says The Musical Courier, a standard publication. "Her Scotch songs particularly have a wide appeal, because of their interpretation and melodious expression of the pathos and sentiment of the Scottish temperament." Again, The Courier says she "has taken her place in the forefront of American composers."

Lily Strickland-Anderson, wife of Prof. J. Courtney Anderson, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Strickland, formerly of Anderson, S. C. She was born in that city, and after attending school there, went to Converse college for a time. Later she came to New York, where by a tenacity of purpose that was nothing short of inspiring, by genius and study, she rose to be a prominent figure in the musical world. Her songs are known from coast to coast, and in Great Britain. Her paternal grandparents were the Rev. William Henry Strickland, and Judge J. Pinckney Reed. Mr. Anderson, teacher and scholar, is a son of the Rev. John F. Anderson, now of Williamston, S. C. Reed Miller, the famous choir concert tenor, is a first cousin to the young woman composer. Her family is decidedly musical and talented. Her brother, Vivian Strickland, an old Furman man, has written poems of exceptional merit, and is now Boston representative for The Musical Courier. Some of his poems have been used in the songs of his sister.

The versatility of the young composer is wonderful. She has written and had received for publication some 70 songs, including negro melodies, piano pieces, part songs and choruses, and is now engaged in some works of importance. "La Bella Dame Sans Merci" is one of her latest and finest works. But her specialty is negro folk songs. Concerning these, she recently said: "Negro folk songs furnish the richest and most romantic field open to American composers.

Negro melodies, when transcribed directly from the mouths of the rhythm intoxicated cotton picker, or cheerful plowman, or convict, or the ever-sung domestic servant have a primitive distinctly racial flavor and original charm not to be had from another source in the country." She is perpetuating the weird, sweet melodies she has heard in the South, and is now working many of them into a symphonic suite. She is a great student of human nature; knows the Southern dandy as few other people do, and is decidedly gifted as an interpreter of their emotions and songs. She is a woman of exceptional social charm. The apartment which she and her husband occupy, at 419 West 121st street, New York, is a rendezvous for musicians and other friends.

Few South Carolinians are aware of the fame which she has achieved as a composer. She is represented by all of the leading publishing houses of New York.

Mrs. Anderson, in a recent article published in The Musical Courier makes a plea for the development of the musical element in the lives of all men and women. This phase of life, so fecund with pleasure giving and wholesome potentialities, is frequently neglected. She would have people recognize the value of music, and cultivate their tastes and talents therefor. Music, a never ending source of pleasure, of culture, is neglected in the average education. The practical is allowed to crowd the aesthetic out, notwithstanding the fact that the latter would do so much to make life pleasant and wholesome.

New "Spirituals" From Negro Music

Remarkable Songs Refound and Remade from the Fervors of Colored Camp-meetings, as They Will Be Made Known Here To—

BOSTON, MASS., TRANSCRIPT
NOVEMBER 14, 1917

On Thursday evening Mr. H. T. Burleigh, best known and most applauded of negro composers by the clear merit of his work, will come for the first time publicly to Boston to share in the concert of Mr. Roland Hayes, the colored tenor, at Symphony Hall. Mr. Burleigh will play the piano part in two or three of his recent arrangements of remarkable and long-hidden negro "spirituals" or camp-meeting songs, while Mr. Hayes sings them, presumably with native understanding and racial warmth. A note about these rediscovered and significant places follows herewith:

cant places follows herewith:

It was perhaps Mr. H. T. Burleigh's setting of the negro "spiritual," called "Deep River," that awakened the public generally to the notable fund of beauty contained in the "spirituals" of camp-meeting songs of the black race of America. It is almost safe to say that last season this song was sung more frequently in the concert halls of the United States than any other, and the popularity of it is not likely to wane. Previously the "spirituals" had been relatively unknown. A bare half-dozen of them had persisted in the minds and hearts of common folk after the passing of the craze for camp-meeting music, which struck this country in the seventies of the past century. Scores of others, collected by untrained hands and provided with atrocious accompaniments, reposed in the half-dozen collections which had been made and published rather by philanthropists than by musicians. Mr. Krehbiel's book on "Afro-American Folk Song" had aroused technical interest in the subject among musicians but had added little to our store of known melodies. Finally a large number of the tunes had passed from mouth to mouth, travelling up from the South in all sorts of corrupt forms, but never reaching the dignity of the printed page. Those who looked into the subject even superficially could see that only a small portion of the negro songs had been collected, and that these in most cases had been noted and edited ineptly.

We knew few of the tunes, and we did not know them authentically. Research and popularization had both been neglected. The American Government, which has spent thousands of dollars in rescuing the tribal music of the Indian, has expended, so far as available record shows, not one cent on the preservation of the negro's songs. (Can there be a political reason for this anomaly?) Wealthy men and women of the class called "patrons of music," who cheerfully signed checks in the thousands for the deficit of an opera house, felt no interest in subscribing the few hundreds necessary for a fruitful survey of the musical resources of the South. Publishing houses, which encouraged the collection of English folk-music on our soil, looked coldly on the noting and the preservation of native folk-music. From the days of the Flak Jubilee singers to the sudden vogue of "Deep River," white ears had not heard a negro "spiritual" in the concert-hall. They might almost have perished unknown had not the two colored composers, who have made place for themselves in the music of the day—Rosamund Johnson and H. T. Burleigh—set their hands to them.

Mr. Burleigh has now arranged, and Messrs. Ricordi have published, eight or ten more of these "spirituals" so that they may be sung publicly in concerts or privately in the music-room. In the collection are three camp-meeting songs everywhere familiar: "Go Down, Moses," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The others seem quite unknown, except to investigators, but they are hardly inferior to the old favorites. "You May Bury Me in de East," quoted in Mr. Krehbiel's book, is music of deep and large emotional power. "Sinners Please Down Let Dis Harvest Pass" has a peculiar barbaric force. "Weepin' Mary" is a modal chorale of extraordinary vigor and profundity, and "By an' By" is a lovely song of spiritual weariness, with an exquisite recurring cadence. Two others, "I Don't Feel No Ways Tired" and "I Want to Be Ready" are strongly

syncretized, yet without any triviality of effect to rob them of religious earnestness. In the slow lament "My Way's Cloudy" and to a lesser extent in "John's Gone Down on de Island," there is just that throbbing suggestion of syncopation which gives vitality to the slower and more majestic movements of negro music. All in all, the collection is impressive. It increases the wonder that nothing systematic has been done to preserve more of these "spirituals."

Mr. Burleigh has sought to provide a rich and characteristic accompaniment to each of the melodies, and has succeeded to a notable degree. He has drawn freely upon the harmonic resources of the sophisticated composer, but nearly always without prejudice to the African flavor of the songs. Chromatic progressions enter freely into his piano part. Dissonances are combined for more intense emotional effect. Hinted melodies in the bass and inner parts counter the flow of the voice, and bright snatches of tune sometimes adorn the treble. Yet with all this elaboration, Mr. Burleigh does not often do violence to the primitive simplicity of the original. In only one instance, in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," does he for a moment alter the primitive tune, and then for the sake of an enharmonic modulation that completely justifies its daring. In the great majority of cases his enriching of the music strongly emphasizes the native quality of the tune. To most of the songs, Mr. Burleigh has supplied an apt accompaniment. The gentle swaying of dreamy dissonance in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," the tragic harmonies and biting counterpoint of "You May Bury Me in de East," the majestic syncopation of "Go Down, Moses," are inspirations. Here and there it seems as if Mr. Burleigh had not sufficiently broken away from the harmony of the schools, particularly in "Weepin' Mary," which is a trifle too churchly, and "John's Gone on De Island," which is a bit too sweetly sentimental. And in "I Want to Be Ready," a less crowded accompaniment might better set off the sprightly rhythm of the voice part. But these are only passing notions of the reviewer offered in the spirit of speculation.

Mention of these songs would not be complete without some comment on the surprising quality of the verse. Nearly all of them disclose those characteristics of striking metaphor, verbal directness and cumulative effect distinctive of elemental lyrics and declining among sophisticated peoples. For example:

I know my robe's goin' to fit me well,
(I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load)
I tried it on at de gates ob Hell,
(I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load).

Or this:

You may bury me in de East,
You may bury me in de West,
But I'll hear de trumpet soun' in dat mornin'.
And what a picture of savage glee over the downfall of the wicked is contained in the words:

I hope to shout glory when dis worl' is on fire
Chillen,
Oh glory Hallelujah!

Throughout the pieces music and verse seem to stimulate each other. H. K. M.

PLANTATION SONGS TOPIC OF LITERARY DISCUSSION

Sweet, Sad Old Melodies of Southern Slavery Days Are Preserved to Present Generation—Books on the Subject Are Numerous. One Be

ILHANY N Y ARGOS
OCTOBER 21, 1917

Plantation melodies have exercised a strong influence on American musical taste, and consequently on American music. These melodies are numerous, much good literary effort has been devoted to a discussion of them and considerable success has attended the work of collecting and putting them into permanent musical notation, that they may be preserved.

Monroe N. Work, in charge of the division of records and research of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in editing the "Negro Folk Song," wrote what follows under the head of negro folk songs:

"These songs, more commonly called plantation melodies, originated with the negroes of the South during the days of slavery. They have been extensively collected and written about. Although there is some connection in scale, composition and spontaneity with original African music, the melody and sentiments expressed by the songs are the results of the conditions under which the slaves lived in America. These songs have for the negro the same value that the folk songs of any people have for that people. In the days of slavery they furnished an outlet for aching hearts and anguished souls. To-day they help to foster race pride and to remind the race of the 'rock from which it was hewn.'"

One of the earliest books on the subject of negro folk songs was "African Melodies," written in 1844 by John C. Scherff. William Francis Adams in 1867 wrote a book on "Slave Songs of the United States," and Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his "Army Life in a Black Regiment," published in 1870, devoted one chapter to what he called "Negro Spirituals." Joel Chandler Harris has written of plantation music and the banjo; Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote of "Hymns of the Negroes;" Emma M. Backus has written "Negro Hymns from Georgia" and "Negro Songs from North Carolina," and Clara Gottschalk Peterson has written of "Creole Songs from New Orleans." Within recent years the Journal of American Folk-Lore has published ar-

ust, the Independent on "The True Decline," by the Southern Workman, and numerous authoritative articles on negro music, and W. E. B. Du Bois in his book on "Souls of Black Folk" set aside one chapter for "The Sorrow Songs of the Negro."

After the negro folk songs come songs of a class which have their savor and draw their inspiration from the older songs. Stephen Foster, who composed the melodies of "Swanee River," "Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe" and a score of other songs that did not attain the same height of popularity, was a master hand in composition of this class and because he was a white man it has come to be generally believed that the negro has produced few "plantation melodies" outside of the true folk songs or spirituals.

It was a wandering minstrel negro who wrote "Listen to the Mocking Bird." That is, this is the claim of negro investigators. The understanding of the white race, is that the author of the song, which, because of its long popularity may be said to be established as the great song, was Septimus Winner. The claim of the negro authorities is that the composer of the song was George Melburn, and that it was set to music by Septimus Winner, a white man, who, according to the negro year book, "got the credit and the financial profits."

There is no doubt that James Bland, a negro musician, wrote "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." It is said of the work of Samuel Coleridge Taylor that in it is "something of the plaintive, wistful quality of the plantation song." During the days of slavery there were in New Orleans quite a number of well educated negroes, and among them a number who gained distinction as musical composers. Five of these were Edmund Dede, Basil Bares, Lucien Lambert, Sidney Lambert and Samuel Snaer. Much of the music that these men wrote is of permanent worth. One of the earliest American negro musical authors was James Hemmenway. His home was in Philadelphia, and during the second and third decades of the nineteenth century he wrote much music which by musicians of authority is set down as excellent.—Washington Star.

PAINTINGS BY CHILDREN TO AID (In Fifth Avenue Show) FUND FOR THE NEGRO WAR RELIEF

N. Y. C. MAIL
NOVEMBER 28, 1917
Free Exhibit at Coady Gallery

Calls Attention to Undeveloped Artistic Reserves of Race.

By E. W. POWELL.

THERE are a number of exhibitions ending Saturday. One of these is the show by negro children at the Coady Gallery, 489 Fifth Avenue, calling attention (without charge) to the negro war relief. When the time comes the families of negro soldiers and sailors will need help, but more than this, Mr. Coady's idea is to suggest the artistic possibilities of the negro race.

The paintings do not obviously differ from those by any children up to the age of thirteen, having the same spontaneous and amusing originality, with now and then extraordinary perceptions, or what seems chance, effects in color or composition.

That there are vast undeveloped artistic reserves in the negro cannot be doubted. He has already given us the only distinctive American music, the old plantation melodies, and a notable number of French writers and artists have had the negro ancestral strain, the Dumas and Gauguin coming to mind at once. He certainly has a rich emotional quality lacking—and perhaps needed—in the northern temperament, and amid fostering influences will produce, it is predicted by his champions, great regenerative poets, musicians and artists.

Whatever his future, the presence of the negro is America's great internal fact, a sign of which is the anthropological investigation, which has an inevitable sociological bearing, begun this fall at the Museum of Natural History.

OTHER SHOWS.

OTHER shows ending this week are by John Follinsbee, at the Faragil Gallery, 34 East Forty-ninth street, which is run by Frederick Price, well known for his work in wrought iron, especially his lighting fixtures; a show at the Touchstone Galleries, 118 East Thirtieth street, by Violet Meggs, a talented Algerian, who won a scholarship to Paris and displays a broad decorative sense; a show at the Milch Galleries, 138 West Fifty-seventh street, by the "Painter Friends," Robert M. Nisbet, Edward C. Volkart, George M. Bruestle, Guy C. Wiggins, Wilson Irvine and weavers were virtually put out of business, and laws had to be passed and maintained for many years to prevent either their manufacture or their importation.

TIMELY MOVE.

THE name of Harry Wearne is particularly associated with this unique and timely exhibition—timely because of a recent and growing interest in the history of printed textiles, as well as of

other decorative arts. Many of the finest specimens come from Mr. Wearne's private collection, and his are the modern designs painted on paper—if there be more than one. Mr. Wearne was head of the ancient Zuber factory at Mulhausen before it was demolished in the war, and is now in this country, where his influence is to be expected to be felt in the industry in which he has held so prominent a position. The most remarkable piece in the exhibition belongs to him, another like which he has not seen, he testifies. It is not more beautiful than many other, but it bears on the calyge, which is always torn off to this day, the name of the great Oberkamp, who made it.

Oberkamp was the son of a poor Alsatian printer and dyer, who came to Paris when nineteen, settled in a small house, took out naturalization papers and set to work producing entirely without assistance the printed textiles that had an instant vogue, so superior the workmanship and design to any then on the market.

In time he came to employ 1,500 men, in whom he took a protective interest, making it possible for them to own their own homes and providing them with a hospital and old-age pensions. He was knighted by Louis XVI. and decorated by Napoleon.

In 1815 the army of the allies came through Jouy, where he had his plant and destroyed it. He could not stand the sight of his idle and starving men and died soon afterward.

Carl J. Nordell, a show at the Snedecor Art Galleries, 19 East Forty-ninth street, by the American Society of Miniature Painters, who are shown to advantage without crowding; a show at the Whitney Richards Gallery, the Holland House, Fifth Avenue at Thirtieth street, and at the Arden Galleries, 599 Fifth Avenue, where there is an exhibition of "Printed and Painted Linens and Cottons—in other words, chintzes and cretonnes, old ones for the most part (though they do not necessarily, and do not have a faded look), showing the development of this art industry from its introduction into France and England in the seventeenth century down to the present time with modern "toile de guerre."

PRINTED AND PAINTED.

There are a number of "toile de guerres" of Napoleon's time also, a "Fall of the Bastille" and, somewhat related, pieces of the time, made in France, showing Washington and Lafayette, and Washington and Franklin, and another, giving the Declaration of Independence, a sample of which may be seen at the collection in the Metropolitan Museum.

The contemporary "toile de guerres" which excite special interest, show, in one instance, a repeat of cannon and

the flags of the allied nations, and in another a repeat of the French cock with the three medals of honor.

Other subjects are rural, mythological, allegorical, romantic, Chinese or floral, each characteristic of some particular period and suggestive of the life of the time, while many are amusing, especially the romantic variety. The hand-painted clothes come from India and Persia, and are like those first brought to Europe, after which the first domestic designs were copied. The orientals, by the way, never used block printing, which they, however, knew and scorned. In Europe the use of the block was both a rediscovery, for the moulds used-blocks for their manuscripts; and along the Rhine understood the printing of textiles, but the art had died out and been forgotten.

Every one knows how popular chintzes are to-day—they are so pretty and cheap, so cheery and serviceable. And they have always been. Indeed, their vogue from the first has been so great that in both England and France the

Incomplete
HARRY BURLEIGH
AWARDED FAMOUS
SPINGARN MEDAL
5-26-17
U. S. SENATOR JONES MAKES
PRESENTATION SPEECH
Savannah
Mr. Burleigh Is One of Race's Most
Distinguished Artists

Tribune
Washington, D. C., May 16.—The third Spingarn Medal was awarded here last night to Harry T. Burleigh the distinguished composer of songs, at a meeting in the First Congregational church held under the auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, the national president of the association, presided; the presentation being made by Hon. Wesley L. Jones, United States Senator from Washington.

The Spingarn Medal is awarded annually to the man or woman of African descent and of American citizenship who shall have made the highest achievement during the preceding year in any field of elevated or honorable human endeavor; the candidate be-

chosen by a committee of award which includes Bishop John Hurst, of Baltimore; Hon William Howard Taft; John Hope, president of Morehouse College, Atlanta; Dr. James H. Dillard, the director of the Slater and Jeanes Funds; and Oswald Garrison Villard, of the New York Evening Post. Their choice is not limited to any one field, whether that be intellectual, spiritual, physical, scientific, commercial, educational or any other; so the winning of the Spingarn Medal has come to be the greatest distinction which can be conferred upon an American Negro. The medal is of gold of the value of one hundred dollars, and is donated by Dr. Joel E. Spingarn, the chairman of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, formerly professor of comparative literature in Columbia University, at present in training for his major's commission at Madison Barracks, N. Y.

Harry T. Burleigh, the winner of the medal for 1916, is a composer whose songs for two or three seasons past been sung by a list of prominent singers which would make any composer's mouth water, from John McCormack to Kitty Cheatham. One song, "Deep River," has probably appeared on more concert programs during the past season more times than the ones of any other contemporaneous composer; and across the ocean Burleigh's "The Young Warrior," with words by the Negro poet, James Weldon Johnson, translated into Italian and orchestrated by the great Zandonai, has become a sort of patriotic anthem of the present war. Mr. Burleigh's compositions include about a hundred songs, a few festival anthems for church chorus, and a volume of plantation melodies which he compiled in the effort to save them from falling into oblivion. The small group of songs by which he is best known include "Deep River," "The Grey Wolf," to words by Arthur Symonds; a superb setting of Walt Whitman's "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors"; "The Soldier" and "Jean."

"The Five Songs of Lawte" writes a critic in the Boston Transcript of March 10, "probably Mr. Burleigh's best work. haunting melodies, accomplished in detail yet not overwritten, striking bits of delineation, and much skill in the wedding of music to words."

Regarding "The Soldier," A Walter Kramer in Musical America wrote:

Wars produce a mass of inconsequential literature and music stuff. The present European conflict is no exception. . . . But I think that this Burleigh setting of Robert Brooke's inspiring lines will be among the important art-products of the great war, when the record is made. And these creative achievements have necessarily been snatched from a life of routine musical toil by which Mr. Burleigh has earned his daily bread. Since 1894 he has been soloist at St. George's Church, one of New York's most aristocratic congregations, and for seventeen years he has sung at the Temple Emanuel as well.

These achievements become doubly significant when one realizes how Mr. Burleigh has worked his way forward almost without aid, handicapped as a boy in Erie, Pa., contracted pneumonia from standing in the snow outside the drawing room of Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, where he found refuge in service, in order to hear Rafael Joffe play; and was given a chance to open the door for the guests when the Teresa Carreno played at the Russell home in consequence. Working there as a stenographer until he was twenty-six, in 1892 he came to New York and out of 500 applicants was given a scholarship in the National Conservatory of Music, where he studied for four years. By teaching singing during his last year there together with assisting the secretary, the mother of the well known American composer, E. A. Mac Dowell, he was able to liquidate his indebtedness to the founder of the institution. During one summer he worked at a hotel at Saratoga in order to make enough money to carry him through until the following Christmas. But when in 1894 the young musician, standing upon the threshold of his career, secured the position of soloist at St. George's in competition with sixty other applicants, his path became much easier. His talent for interpretation of his own folk songs soon became widely known and he was in demand to sing in concerts and in the musical programmes of the leading mansions of fashionable New York and elsewhere. The achievements of last year which won Mr. Burleigh the Spingarn Medal are but the mature fruitage of a long life of consecrated labor.

This is the third year the medal has been awarded. The first was presented

to Dr. E. E. Just, of Howard University, for original researches in biology, Governor Whitman making the presentation in New York. Last year the governor of Massachusetts presented the second medal in Boston to Lieut-Col Charles Young of the Tenth Cavalry, U. S. Army, for his services in reorganizing the constabulary of Liberia.

BURLEIGH GETS OVATION.

Harry Burleigh, the composer, was the hero of the hour at the twenty-fifth anniversary concert of the Musical Art Society, Frank Damrosch, director, held at Carnegie Hall Tuesday evening. The three Negro spirituals arranged by Mr. Burleigh were enthusiastically received, and the composer was forced to rise in



HARRY T. BURLEIGH

the audience and acknowledge tribute from the gathering.

The New York Sun gives the following account of the anniversary concert:

"The Negro spiritual has climbed to a seat beside a capella motet of musical antiquity. Three of them, one being 'Deep River' (of course arranged by Henry T. Burleigh), were on the program of the first concert of the twenty-fifth season of the Musical Art Society at Carnegie Hall last night. A remarkable program it was, too, for it put the spirituals right beside Elgar's 'Death in the Hills' and Berlioz's 'Sara la Laigneuse'.

"In the beginning there were a psalm by the Netherlands master Sweelinck, a motet by Lasso and three old Breton songs. Then came the almost inevitable old French Christmas songs, the 'Cantique de Noel' and 'Chanson Joyeuse de Noel,' arranged by Gevaert. The central number was a ballad called 'Pilgrimage

to Kevlar' for three choruses, reader, orchestra and organ, Frederick Klose. "An imposing array of forces was marshalled for the performance. Edith Wynne Matthison was the reader and Gaston Dethier the organist. Besides the Musical Art Society's chorus there were the choirs of Calvary Episcopal Church, John Bland director, and the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, George A. Wedge director. And there was the Symphony Society's orchestra. All were united in 'The Star Spangled Banner' at the close of the program, which was introduced by one stanza of 'America' sung by the Musical Art choir and the audience.

"It was one of the most pleasing of the society's concerts. The spirited setting of the 150th Psalm by Sweelinck aroused the interest of the hearers at the beginning and there was plenty to sustain it to the end, especially in Klose's musical treatment of parts of the ballad chiefly read by Miss Matthison. If there is something less of the polyphonic a capella church music in the program now than there was in earlier years, it must be confessed that the general public probably hears as much of it as it cares to. Such music appeals chiefly to educated taste, and of its proper effect when dissociated from its natural surroundings.

"On the other hand, the more modern works are quite as well within the province of the society and within their field can be found a larger variety of moods, character and styles than in the ecclesiastic music. The present choir of the Musical Art Society is a good one. Its tone is full and of good quality and its singing is marked by enthusiasm and precision, if not always by perfect finesse in the matter of details. Dr. Frank Damrosch has done well in sustaining the artistic level of the concerts."

NYC GLOBE

NOVEMBER 9, 1917

Appeal of the Black Man.

Editor Globe: In favor to your many Negro readers, reproduce the attached poem, written by a young Negro woman of Salisbury, N. C., and which was published in one of our race papers. It is a strong appeal to the good hearts of this nation for justice to the Negro and should awaken their consciences and compel them to accord to the black race the same measure of justice and fair treatment for the black men who wear the uniform of the United States army that white men demand and receive.

When the casualties begin to come in perhaps the Negro will fare a little better. Let us hope and devoutly pray that the American sense of fair play may not be limited to white men only.

JOHN E. BRUCE

New York, Nov. 7.
THE APPEAL OF THE BLACK MAN.
By Mrs. Rose Douglass Aggrey, Salisbury, N. C.

strong and proud white man, king o'er this broad southland, to thee Shall wronged black men bow fore'er and bend on suppliant knee To crave God-given rights? As freemen bold we bravely stand, Not cringing slaves, but brothers we— joint heirs of this fair land.

Oh, know you not your riches came from brawn of sable slave? Why then have we no humble voice in all our fathers gave— The fields they tilled, the cities built, the mighty strongholds laid?

Why will you not requite us and let justice's debt be paid?

You've called us now to cross the sea the boldest foe to face, When we've poor rights as citizens, oft driven from place to place; But loyal to Old Glory for democracy we'll fight, And make it safe for you, white man, with all a black man's might.

But, proud white man, you've forced us now to grope from state to state; Black are the skies and lurid all with smoke of lynchers' hate; Your trees are marred; th' once lovely woods red with your brothers' blood. Oh, fear you not some awful curse? His blood cries up to God.

O God! shall this injustice foul for aye rule o'er this land? Break Thou its gory sceptre old, bid Justice sway her wand; Life, liberty, and happiness give men where'er they roam, Democracy make truly safe, and grant us peace at home.

WALTER WIS. SENTINEL

OCTOBER 27, 1917

PREDICTS BRIGHT FUTURE FOR NEGROES IN ART

The world in the future will look to members of the negro race for its inspiration in art and poetry, according to Maxwell Nacy Hayson, colored poet, in an address given at the Art Institute following his recital Friday night. Mr. Hayson pointed to some of the members of the colored race with exceptional ability since the time of ancient Greece. He predicted the rise of a future great colored poet. Although Mr. Hayson is an American, he has spent considerable time abroad, studying at London and Berlin. He read a number of his own poems.

KNOWING THE NEGRO

(BY LESTER A. WALTON)

ON the Sunday magazine section of the New York Times there appeared an interesting interview with Ridgely Torrence, the poet, who has attracted favorable attention in the theatrical world since the production of his three Negro plays by Negro actors at downtown theatres. The impressions formed of Mr. Torrence by the writer on the Times were read with pleasure by me until I came across the following paragraph:

Mr. Torrence has none of the characteristics of a Southerner, so it is rather surprising to find him showing that familiarity with Negro life usually possessed only by those who have been brought up in those parts of the country where Negroes are numerous.

Our white fellow Americans entertain many false impressions of colored Americans, and none is more glaring than the absurd assumption that southern white people know the Negro better than all others. Some misguided persons will also contend that the white Southerner knows the Negro better than the Negro knows himself, while both in the North and South

white speakers are preferred to colored when the Negro is the topic for discussion at white gatherings. For instance, the white Baptist ministers of New York City recently refused to put one colored minister of their faith on the program on an important occasion when the Negro was under discussion, the consensus of opinion seeming to be that white ministers were better qualified to talk on the subject than colored ministers.

In the Southland to-day you will find intelligent white people who have progressive and broad-gauged views relative to the Negro. But three-fourths of the white Southerners think of the Negro as he was, not as he is. The same ridiculous thought of ante-bellum days that a white man is better than a

black man merely because his skin is fairer is the general sentiment of to-day in the South, and no matter how poor or illiterate a white person is he struts about with an air of presumed superiority that would be ludicrous if they were not taken as seriously as they take themselves.

One Southerner will lay claim to being an authority on the Negro question because he once owned slaves or his people were slave-owners; another will endeavor to convince you that he knows all about Negroes because he has had colored servants in his household for years; another sincerely believes he knows all phases of the Negro question, having had dealings with colored people as a tradesman, while another will condemn the entire ten million because his experience with one did not turn out to his liking.

"I am neither," was the answer he shot back at his interrogator. "I am a citizen of New York, where I was born, as was my father before me. And what's more, when you come North you leave you prejudiced ideas back home or you will get into trouble. If you go about New York insulting colored people, you will find yourself in the hospital."

"Excuse me, sir," asked the greatly surprised white teacher. "I meant no offense. That's how we talk to them down my way," and he walked off greatly confused. And yet, this man thinks he is entitled to a diploma on "Negroology" because he has had dealings with colored people "down his way."

Who is more apt to know the Negro? Those who ride in separate street cars and railroad trains, who maintain separate waiting rooms for the races in the railroad stations, who see to it that the white and colored children go to and from school at different hours so as not to come in contact with one another, and who practice segregation whenever possible, or those who meet the Negro daily on street cars, railroad trains, in places of public accommodation, in the school

room and on the athletic field? Is an understanding to be formed by keeping the Negro at a distance or mingling with him on a common level? *New York Age 4/19/17*

It seems to me that in the school room white children living in the North where mixed schools are maintained are in a better position to get a more correct estimate of colored children than the white children of the South, and young white men attending northern colleges are given a better opportunity to study the Negro at close range than students of southern institutions where the Negro is barred because of his color.

That the southern white man knows certain types of Negroes better than others is admitted. But we have as many types and classes as we have colors, although the inclination North and South seems to be to consider us a conglomerate aggregation. Negro life among the 60,000 colored persons in Harlem is much different from Negro life in Mississippi, and in Chicago the Negro does not live under the same conditions as exist in Georgia.

It is high time to rise to a point of order on the false notion which has become prevalent that the southern white man is the only one who can speak authoritatively on Negro life.



LILY STRICKLAND-ANDERSON.

Fine Music by Negro Composers

STON WARE PRESS
DECEMBER 12, 1917

Their Best Work Admirably Portrays Moods of the Race, Says Mr. Downes—Opera Notes, Concerts and Other Musical Comment

At the concert given in Symphony Hall last Thursday night by Roland W. Hayes, the colored tenor, there were present two composers who have done much in music for the colored race—Henry T. Burleigh, who conducted, and Will Marion Cook, the composer of the "Exhortation," "The Rain Song" and other pieces of music which admirably and unmistakably portray Negro and Negro moods.

Mr. Burleigh, as shown by his own accompanying of Negro spirituals arranged by himself, had the art and the sensibility not to over-refine or elaborate the simple Negro melodies which go so deep and sound so true. A very few chords, a harmony rich but not sophisticated, comprised the musical matter of his settings, and these songs, sung by Mr. Hayes, made a deep impression.

Asking Mr. Burleigh, at a later time, his opinion of the true character of Negro music and its possible future in this country, he turned to Mr. Cook, who then discussed the subject from several angles, brilliantly and pertinently not only to the present situation but to the future of the American music itself.

"I think," said Mr. Cook, "that every Negro has reason to be proud of the achievements of certain representative members of his race in music, even now. At the same time I have to tell you that I don't think the Negro has as yet come anywhere near doing what he can do in music, for he has strong passions, a primitive soul, an extraordinary color sense, and an imagination that would startle and dazzle Anglo-Saxons and other white races, had they come near enough to it—which they have not, as yet—to understand it."

"The principal reason why this deep and passionate consciousness of the Negro has not as yet become wholly articulate is to be found, I think, in the system and manner of educating him, which has been followed with the best intentions by many of the whites of this country."

"What has not been wholly realized, apparently, in this field of endeavor, is that it is not the man's skin, merely, which differentiates him from the white, but his soul. The Negro at the very height of his development will not be a white man. It is to be hoped that at the height of their respective evolutions each race will find in the other qualities which will attract and inspire, but fundamentally the peoples are different, and there has yet to be witnessed a successful attempt of one race to superimpose its consciousness, temperamental tendencies and ideals on another. What has always happened when this has been attempted in a deliberate and arbitrary manner has been a temporary weakening of the creative power of the subjected race, and then, at last, the healthy explosion, the rediscovery of self, and the development of a new, young, virile art on the part of the hitherto undeveloped people."

"How long it will take the Negro, in the face of as many obstacles as there are in this country, to achieve this, I have no idea. But I think it will be very long. Nevertheless, let me utter my protest against the present systems of educating the negro in music and manners for it."

"The fundamental qualities of Negro music are opposed in most respects to those of the music of the Anglo-Saxons. This is also true of its technical elements. I do not think that melodically speaking the Negro has done much for himself that is significant up to the present time. When he is more conscious of his racial individuality than he is now this may well change. But at present the predominant and distinguishing character of Negro music is neither its melody nor its harmony—wonderful as that is at times—but its infinitely varied rhythms. This characteristic has been retained from the primitive days in Africa. That it has stuck so close—that, in fact, the Negro has withstood the effects of civilization as has no other primitive race in the world, and adjusted himself to its conditions and demands—speaks at once for the virility of the black people and also for their immense assimilative powers."

"Now the unfortunate thing has been the manner in which the Negro's power of assimilation has been played on, while his spiritual consciousness has been suppressed as much as possible, both in his life and, now, quite unintentionally, in his art. A Negro goes to a university or a conservatory. They look at him, perhaps, askance. He shows talent. Then they specialize with him, but when they do so they make the grievous mistake of trying to manufacture a man in their own image. It never works. The great Negroes in literature, politics, etc., have been usually those who had to fight their own way through many years, and thus gain a knowledge of themselves which they acted on and never forgot. There have been hundreds of others who succumbed to the teaching which continually reiterated the principle, implied rather than expressed—to rise, you must come nearer the white man, and the white man's culture?"

"But how can one race adopt the culture of another race as its own? A true culture is the expression of soul. You cannot make a soul as you manufacture a pair of boots, you know! The Negro will always have his soul. He must not exchange it for a foreign commodity. Especially he must not do this in his art."

"Yet I acknowledge that it is necessary to know musical literature and musical technique before you can express yourself. Let every music student, whatever his race or color, study Bach for counterpoint and Beethoven for form. But art is universal, and the discriminating teacher could and should give the Negro student what specifically is his to feed his genius on."

So popular has Mr. H. T. Burleigh's arrangement of the Negro Folk-song "Deep River," become that a number of transcriptions have been written from his setting. One for string quartet, played by the Zoellner quartet this season, has been made by A. Walter Kramer, while another, for organ, has been ably done by the gifted concert organist, Richard Keys Biggs. The last Transcription of the "Spiritual" is by the noted violinist, Mischa Elman, who will play it all on his concert programs this season.

Mr. Burleigh's place as one of the foremost composers of art song in the music world today is secure. He continues however, to add to his long list of songs that are so rapidly featured upon the programs of famous singers.

At the same time, his folk song settings are an achievement that are of great historic as well as musical value. Ten of the finer "Spirituals" have been lately published by Ricordi and Company. Musical America says: "They are one and all little masterpieces, settings by one of our times most gifted song composers of melodies which he penetrates as probably no other living composer. We can only say 'Bravo,' again, Mr. Burleigh."

December 1917
The Crisis P. 85.

Mr. Dett's "Negro Anthem", "O Hely Lord" in eight parts sung by Ontario Choir, Mr. Bruce Carey Conductor, was used for the Field of *Honorable* Service for the Canadian Detachment Thanksgiving.

The National Federation of musical Clubs at its biennial convention, held in Birmingham, Ala., April 15-22, proposed that the Negro melodies of plantations days be made a national asset. Action will be taken to ask the U.S. Government to preserve the songs, in accordance with resolutions already adopted.

The Crisis June.1917.P 88.

Miss Nickerson of New Orleans graduated with honor in 1916 from Oberlin Conservatory of Music. See if can find further data concerning this. Might correspond with Mrs. Dora Russell, 2439 Bienville St. New Orleans, La.

Music
Notices of Nathaniel Dett & Henry Burleigh in white publications, Musical American Dett's Transcription, Burleigh, Crisis May, 1917

"Rachel," the race-play written by Miss Angelina V. Grimes, was presented at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass., on May 24, under the auspices of the Sunday School of St. Bartholomew's Church. The principals, although amateur actors, deserve mention for the splendid performance of their roles. The part of Rachel was taken by Mrs. Harriet Kaplan Johnson. During the intermission, Coleridge Taylor numbers were played by a selected trio, consisting of Maud Gandy Hare, pianist; Clarence Cameron White, violinist, and J. Harrell, 'cellist. - Crisis, July, 1917. *p. 141*

More
Mrs. Meta S. W. Fuller, of Framingham, was awarded second sculpture prize of twenty-five dollars offered by the Massachusetts Branch of the Woman's Peace Party. Her work was titled: "Peace Halting the Ruthlessness of War." - The Crisis, July 1917. *p. 141*

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Mrs. Dora Busch
Antonia
Henry Burleigh in white folk-
culture, Musical American, All
Antonia
Manuscript, Burleigh
Curcio May, 1917

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Montgomery Advertiser 9-26-17

Origin of The "Jazz"

Literary Digest.

A strange word has gained widespread use in the ranks of our producers of popular music. It is "jazz," used mainly as an adjective descriptive of a band. The group that play for dancing, when colored, seem infected with the virus that they try to instill as a stimulus in others. They shake and jump and writhe in ways to suggest a return to the medieval jumping mania. The word, according to Walter Kingsley, famous in the ranks of vaudeville, is variously spelled jaa, jass, jazz, jaz and jasez, and is African in origin. Lafcadio Hearn, we are told, found the word in the creole patois and idiom of New Orleans and reported that it meant "speeding up things." The creoles had taken it from the blacks, and "applied it to music of a rudimentary syncopated type." In The New York Sun, Mr. Kingsley rehearses many of the curious facts and customs associated with the word:

The Slaves and the Jaz.

"In the old plantation days, when the slaves were having one of their rare hollydays and the fun languished, some West Coast African would cry out, 'Jaz her up,' and this would be the cue for fast and furious fun. No doubt the witch doctors and medicine men on the Congo used the same term at those jungle 'parties' when the tomtoms throbbed and the sturdy warriors gave their pep an added kick with rich brews of Yohimbin bark—that precious product of the Kameruns. Curiously enough the phrase 'Jaz her up' is a common one today in vaudeville and on the circus lot. When a vaudeville act needs ginger the cry from the advisers in the wings is 'put in jaz,' meaning add low comedy, go to high speed and accelerate the comedy spark. 'Jasbo' is a form of the word common in the varieties, meaning the same as 'hokum,' or low comedy verging on vulgarity.

"Jazz music is the delirium tremens of syncopation. It is strict rhythm without melody. Today the jazz bands take popular tunes and rag them to death to make jazz. Beats are added as often as the delicacy of the player's ear will permit. In one-two time a third beat is interpolated. There are many half notes or less and many long-drawn, wavering tones. It is an attempt to reproduce the marvelous syncopation of the African jungle."

Contribution is drawn from Professor William Morrison Patterson's "pioneering experimental investigation of the individual difference in the sense of rhythm." Thus:

"The music of contemporary savages taunts us with a lost art of rhythm. Modern sophistication has inhibited many native instincts, and the mere fact that our conventional dignity usually forbids us to sway our bodies or to tap our feet when we hear effective music has deprived us of unsuspected pleasures. Professor Patterson goes on to say that the ear keenly sensible of these wild rhythms has 'rhythmic aggressiveness.' Therefore of all moderns the jazz musicians and their auditors have the most rhythmic aggressiveness, for jazz is based on the sav-

age musician's wonderful gift for progressive retarding and acceleration guided by his sense of 'swing.' He finds syncopation easy and pleasant. He plays to an inner series of time-beats joyfully 'elastic' because not necessarily grouped in succession of twos and threes. The highly gifted jazz artist can get away with five beats where there were but two before. Of course, besides the thirty-seconds, scored for the tympani in some of the modern Russian music, this doesn't seem so intricate, but just try to beat in between beats on your kettle-drum and make rhythm and you will think better of it. To be high-brow and quote Professor Patterson once more:

"With these elastic unitary pulses any haphazard series by means of syncopation can be readily, because instinctively, coordinated. The result is that a rhythmic tune compounded on time and stress and pitch relations is created, the chief characteristic of which is likely to be complicated syncopation. An arabesque of accentual differences, group-forming in their nature, is superimposed upon the fundamental time divisions."

"There is jazz precisely defined as a result of months of laboratory experiment in drum-beating and syncopation. The laws that govern jazz rule in the rhythms of great original prose, verse that sings itself, and opera of ultra modernity. 'Imagine Walter Pater, Swinburne, and Borodin swaying to the same pulses that rule the moonlit music on the banks of African rivers.'"

For years, we are told, jazz has ruled in the underworld resorts of New Orleans. It has emancipated itself in part from its original surroundings:

"There in those wonderful refuges of basic folk-lore and primeval passion wild men and wild women have danced to jazz for glad some generations. Ragtime and the new dances came from there, and long after jazz crept slowly up the Mississippi from resort to resort until it landed in South Chicago at Freilburg's, whither it had been preceded by the various stanzas of 'Must I Hesitate?' The Blues, 'Frankie and Johnny,' and other classics of the levee underworld that stir the savage in us with a pleasant tickle. Freilburg's is an institution in Chicago. If you 'go South' you must visit that resort."

On the Great White Way.

"Now let me tell you when jazz music was first heard on the Great White Way. I forgot to tell you that it has flourished for hundreds of years in Cuba and Haiti, and, of course, New Orleans derived it from there. Now when the 'Dollys danced' their way across Cuba some years ago they now and again struck a band which played a teasing, forte strain that spurred their lithe young limbs into an ecstasy of action and stimulated the paprika strain in their blood until they danced like maenads of the decadence. They returned to New York, and a long time later they were booked on the New Amsterdam roof for the 'Midnight frolic,' and Flo said:

"Haven't you something new? My king-

dom for a novelty.' And Rosia and Jenny piped up and said that in Cuba there was a funny music that they weren't musicians enough to describe for orchestration, but that it put little dancing devils in their legs, made their bodies swing and sway, set their lips to humming and their fingers to snapping. Composers were called in; not one knew what the girls were talking about; some laughed at this 'daffy-dinge music.' Flo Ziegfeld, being a man of resource and direct action, sent to Cuba, had one of the bands rounded up, got the Victor people to make records for him, and the 'Frolic' opened with the Dollys dancing to a phonograph record. Do you remember? Of course you do. That was canned jazz, but you didn't know it then. First time on Broadway, my dear. My own personal idea of jazz and its origin is told in this stanza by Vachel Lindsay:

"Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel house kings with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table;
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,

Hard as they were able,

Boom, boom, BOOM,

With a silk umbrell and the handle of a broom,

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM."

"Lindsay is then transported to the Congo and its feats and revels, and he hears, as I have actually heard, a 'thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.'"

"Mumbo Jumbo is the god of jazz; be careful how you write of jazz, else he will hoodoo you."

**TRIBUTE TO PAUL
LAWRENCE DUNBAR**
Ashtville Globe
**HONORED BY WHITE BANQUET-
ERS—KIT KAT CLUB DINNER—
E. P. SIMPSON PRINCIPAL
SPEAKER 10-12-17**

At the Kit Kat Club dinner at the Chittenden Thursday night Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Negro poet, was the subject of discussion, which was opened after a fine repast. R. P. Simpson was the principal speaker and he was followed by six other speakers whose remarks were full of praise and appreciation of the great Negro poet. Mr. Simpson's address was largely devoted to the reading of Mr. Dunbar's poems, especially the dialectic ones. It was noticeable what interest the banqueters showed in all the good things said of Dunbar.

But as a public event that banquet was to be most esteemed for it at-

tracted the culture and intelligence of the community and gave expression to a deep appreciation of a colored man who had pushed ahead and honored his race. This phase of the matter frequently broke forth in the discussion. Of course, all colored young men have not the genius of Dunbar, but all have more than they make use of, and they could, if they would, by work and study, so raise their race that the white race would incline to imitate rather than disparage.

The Negro race will never get their rights by claiming them, but by showing that they are worthy of them. This explains why this poor Negro boy was lauded to the skies by the Kit Kat Club, so eloquently and justly. It was a noble tribute that ought to give spirit and purpose to the colored people. If the emotional nature of the Negro is all perceived, it is because of our perverted civilization, which is shown in the materialism and lubricity of the age. Much of the prejudice against the Negro comes from his trying to imitate white people who are prone to show off their weaker points, in society, politics and religion. A speaker at the club asked, What is greatness? It is the blending of work and modesty.

**NYC SUN
JULY 11, 1917**

TWO NEGRO COMPOSERS.

Harry T. Burleigh Has Sought Racial Qualities in His Compositions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Regarding the musical compositions of Harry T. Burleigh, the American negro composer, and those of the English composer, Coleridge Taylor, and their utilization of melodies sung by Southern plantation negroes as themes, information which your correspondent, Mr. R. Seymour Mellin, requests, I beg to state both of these composers were grave and earnest musicians, yet each pursued a different path.

In the case of Coleridge Taylor there has been a steady advancement of a great talent for composition along very serious lines, with no leaning toward development of a race peculiarity or special influence. Mr. Taylor has simply followed the classical as well as lighter forms of musical compositions of the most modern celebrated European composers.

Harry T. Burleigh's work has been a development of an idea which has had as its main inception and essential character the bringing out of the peculiar and individual negroid qualities, so far as the theme and rhythm are concerned—of course seriously harmonically treated, but nevertheless with the idea of establishing a splendid and delightful color in his work and the existence of a characteristic that he attributes solely to the Southern plantation negro.

**ALBERT JOHANNES WEBER.
New York, July 10**

NEGRO BALLET IS TO BE A FEATURE AT METROPOLITAN

N Y C REVIEW
JULY 21, 1917
Will Be First Truly American Work Ever Given at the Opera House.

MUSIC IS BY GILBERT
Scene Is a Louisiana Plantation in Halcyon Days Before the War.

A novelty which borders somewhat on the sensational is included on the schedule of the Metropolitan Opera Company for next season.

It is nothing less than a ballet based upon negro character and negro music, and which will be danced by Rosina Galli and the corps de ballet in dusky-hued make-up.

This ballet, the name and other details of which are being closely guarded by the authorities of the big opera house, was written by the Boston composer, Gilbert, who has to his credit a number of successes of the more popular kind, and who is regarded as an expert on those tunes and double syn-copated rhythms, which are the basis of so-called ragtime.

While it would hardly be correct to speak of his latest and most ambitious work as a "ragtime ballet," the music is said to be fundamentally the same as that popular and often derided form of composition.

According to information which apparently is reliable, the scene of the ballet is a Louisiana plantation in the days of the old South, when the darkies, untouched by education and other modern improvements, were animated by their almost aboriginal and inspirational sense of rhythm and melody.

The scenic accessories and costumes will combine with the music to create a typical antebellum Southern atmosphere.

This ballet will be probably Mr. Gatti Casazza's most advanced and radical venture in support of American music. He has produced several operas by

Americans, such as "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by Reginald DeKoven; "Cyrano," by Walter Damrosch, and "Nona," by Horatio Parker. But these are all based upon European stories and written in traditional musical form.

This ballet will be the first work produced at the Metropolitan with an American story, an American scenic background and with music which is indigenous to this soil.

This production, coupled with the fact that more American singers will be in the Metropolitan company than ever before, indicates that next season there will be more Americanism at the big opera house than ever was known there before.

CHICAGO ILL. WEST DRUGGIST
NOVEMBER 22, 1917
THE AUTHOR OF THE NEGRO PLAYS.

Who is Ridgely Torrence? To what is his interest in the negro due? How did he come to write his plays for a negro theatre? Tell us something of the man.

The recent publication in one volume of Mr. Torrence's three negro plays: *Granny Maumee*, *The Rider of Dreams* and *Simon the Cyrenean*, has brought an influx of such questions as these. Here is the answer:—

Mr. Torrence now lives in New York in an old dwelling house in Waverly Place, which has been made over into apartments. On the top story of this building there is an apartment rich in literary associations. Here the late William Vaughn Moody lived from 1906 to 1909, and here at different times Percy MacKaye, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Padraic Colum and Rabindranath Tagore have lived, and here now is the home of Mr. Torrence and his wife.

Mr. Torrence was born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1875. Xenia was, before the Civil War, one of the stations in the underground railroad along which fugitive slaves fled to safety in Canada. The town became a sort of myth among the negroes of the south, a half-way house to safety, and after the war its reputation persisted. Xenia remained one of the towns toward which the southern negro instinctively made his way when he crossed the Mason and Dixon line. And in the colored section Mr. Torrence found many charming playmates among the little darkies. It was here that he first came to know the soul of the negro.

Mr. Torrence left Xenia for Miami College and later went to Princeton. After leaving college he became librarian first in the Lenox and then in the Astor Library in New York. In 1905 he served as secretary to Baron Kaneko, then on a special diplomatic mission to the United States. Later he was associate editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

It was the example of the Irish plays which suggested to Mr. Torrence the possibility of American negro plays. In the Irish theatre he saw the qualities of a race used as dramatic material and the

dialect of that race utilized to give the productions a flavor of their own. Knowing from experience that the negro race had quite as distinctive qualities he longed to make the first experiment in the new field. The results of his study on this subject are embodied in these plays produced in New York last spring and promised for Chicago this fall.

LEON LEAPS TO A SUDDEN FAME

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD COLORED BOY BECOMES LEADING CHARACTER IN CHILDREN'S FILM-PLAY.

The Journal Guide
His Artistic Ability Accidentally Discovered By Balboa Amusement Producing Corporation, Who Will Feature Him in Special Play.

3-24-17
Long Beach, Calif.—Some day when you study history you will learn about the fearless and gallant Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. Away out in California is a new Balboa, a discoverer, too, not of great oceans and far-smiling lands, but of little children with wonderful talents. The new Balboa is the name of a studio where are made many of the motion pictures that the Parent-Teacher Associations and the great magazines of the world call "Better Films for Children."

Not long ago this new Balboa made a new discovery, and they were as surprised as the Balboa of old when he climbed over rocks that for centuries had been chiseled by hail and smoothed and polished by storms and finally reached the summit of the mountain-top and beheld the peaceful Pacific glittering like a diamond beneath the morning sun. The new discoverers are always on the lookout for folks who can do things better than anyone else, but O dear, no, they did not suppose that the gardener's son, little Leon, a woolly-headed colored boy, could do much of anything. In fact, they had not even noticed the little seven-year-old boy for when he came to the studio gardens to see his father he always kept in the shadows, where folks are not looking for talent.

How Leon Was Discovered.

Little Leon's father is a very sensible man, and he taught his little son to understand that a seven-year-old pickaninny must not get in the way of white folks in a busy motion picture studio. And Leon liked so much to watch the camera men wind and wind those wonderful machines that take the pictures, that he was very careful to do as he was told.

From a long line of ancestors little

Leon has learned obedience, for you know, if you have read your history well, that less than sixty years ago the Negroes lived in the shadows of slavery, were owned by white masters, and had to obey them or sometimes he whipped and punished cruelly. Leon's grandmother was a baby then, a lowly slave's baby, whose white master had the right to take her away from her own mother's love and care and sell her to a new white master. In those days it was a common sight to see men, women and children put on the auction block like a horse or a cow, and sold to the highest bidder, wives separated from their husbands, children from their parents, and brothers from their sisters.

We know that this was very wrong, for all people are children of God, be their color white, black, red, yellow or brown. And since God has created all men brother "there can be no moral right in one man making a slave of another."

When Leon's grandmother was born a baby slave, Abraham Lincoln, the great and good man who said those quoted words, was President of the United States. He hated slavery. His sensitive nature had been stung with sorrow at the crime of the auction block and the lash. And when the power came to him to abolish slavery he fearlessly issued the Emancipation Proclamation that gave freedom to all the Negroes in the United States.

With the dawn of freedom man changes came to Leon's grandmother. She grew up with such chances of education as befall the children of poor families to send her own daughter, little Leon's mother, to school to save her from the rough and stony paths of ignorance.

His Struggle Against Odds.

The Negro mother-heart knows that odds are against a little boy when his hair is kinky and his face is black. And that is the reason Leon's mother will make even a greater sacrifice to give him the chance to develop his wonderful talents. For the little fellow no longer lingers among the shadows dreaming dreams, but in the center of the stage takes his childish but truly artistic part in the beautiful pictures that go all over the world to instruct and entertain.

And this is how it happened. From watching the camera men wind and wind the wonderful machines that take the pictures, he began to notice the artists who acted out the beautiful stories. And then like any normal child he tried to imitate all they did, but just for his own mammy, who'd laugh and call him "Honey," with a tenderness that only a Negro mother can feel for her free-born child.

Leon's mother is very fond of poetry, and keeps a book in which she pastes all the beautiful poems about her race that she finds. And some of the finest of these that Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the Negro poet, has written, she has taught her little son. Responding to the love of rhythm that lies deep in every Negro's soul, Leon has not only learned these poems, but acts them out with a grace that is wonderful to see, even to the—

"Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nyd'd, Nary step so proud ez his."

His Ability Recognized.

Living in a world of make-believe Leon has developed an ability to act that is marvelous in one so young. But even the keen eye of his mother was unaware of his talents until one day the little fellow was called to take a simple part in one of the pictures. He did so exactly as he was told and put so much feeling into the part he played that he was given a more important part. And then the wonderful discovery was made: the child had the power to make his acting a refined and delicate art.

Now a beautiful story for little boys and girls and grown-up people to see and love is being written just for little Leon to act. It is one that will be classed among the clean photoplays for children, one that will stir the heart with every element of human sympathy for always but unspoiled child of God.

And if the little Leon, who is but the grandson of a slave, can with his great gifts lead men, women, and little children to live more worthily, who there among us but rejoices that he has come from the shadows of obscurity to the light of renown!

STAR

Baltimore, Md.

JAN 5 - 1917

TRIBUTE PAID TO NEGRO VIRTUOSO

Richmond, Ind., January 5.—The people of this city, the wealthy, the social leaders and the poor, joined today in paying tribute to a young negro, Wesley Howard, a violinist, who recently was graduated with exceptional honors from the Boston Conservatory. He will play at a testimonial concert tonight. Young Howard was reared in Richmond. Four years ago the people of the city, realizing his exceptional talent, raised money to enable him to study under the best masters of America.

MORE ABOUT "JAZZ"

JAZZ music and its origin were discussed in Sunday's Sun by F. T. Vreeland, who said in part:

The young man with a face that seems to have grown florid from blowing his cornet to the point of apoplexy looks around at his handful of fellow players commandingly and begins thumping earnestly with his fashionably shod foot and instantly the whole pack is in full cry. The musical riot that breaks forth from clarinet, trombone, cornet, piano, drum and variants of tin pan instruments resembles nothing so much as a chorus of hunting hounds on the scent with an occasional explosion in the subway thrown in for good measure.

"It is all done in correct time—there is no fault to be found with the rhythm of it. Even though the cornetist is constantly throwing in flourishes of his own and every once in a while the trombonist gets excited about something and takes it out on the instrument, their tapping feet never miss step. The notes may blat and collide with a jar, but their pulses blend perfectly. In fact, they frequently inject beats of their own between the main thumps just to make it harder for themselves, yet they are always on time to the dot when the moment arrives for the emphatic crash of notes.

"But it takes a good deal of straining of one's aesthetic sense to apply the word music to the resultant concussion, even as the moderns understand music after years of tympanic education by Strauss and the more flamboyant school of Russian composers. The performers have no score before them, indeed all of them are playing by ear, so their art isn't tied down to any mere earthly notes, and they go soaring. Consequently the melody that they are ostensibly playing dies an untimely death from drowning.

"Occasionally the cornetist makes valiant efforts to resuscitate it, but he is only one against several, all of them determined, so after a mad spurt he gives up and goes careering off on a wind spear of his own. The clarinet wheedles and whines, the trombone chokes and gargles, the violins snicker and shriek, the piano vibrates like a torpedo boat destroyer at high speed in

an endeavor to make itself heard above the tumult, and the drum, belabored by a drummer who is surrounded by all the most up to date accessories and implements of torture, becomes the heavy artillery of the piece and makes the performance a devastating barrage.

"On the dancing floor of the restaurant the couples gyrate with every sign of satisfaction, though there is no evidence that they have cotton in their ears. They smile happily as they dip and sway, holding each other after the most approved jiu-jitsu principles. Fox trots and one steps are the dances they are supposed to be executing, but fired by the liberties that the players take with the old masters of ragtime the dancers improvise squirmings and shruggings of their own that are not in the original one step text books. Some of them seem to progress backward simply by a method of wriggling the ankles.

"Now the clarinet is yelping like a dog that hasn't fletcherized a bone sufficiently. This inspires the cornetist to frenzy and he hangs a tin box on the end of the horn. The ensuing noise is something like the buzzing rattle of a machine gun, only not so musical.

"Not to be outdone, the trombonist inserts the end of the instrument into a large tin can, producing similar saw-mill sounds. The violinists saw away in a paroxysm, throwing their bows in the air and catching them, the pianist beats the baby grand into insensibility; the drummer vents his spleen on the cymbals, throws his sticks into the air, and celebrates his feat of catching them on the wing by welting the kettle drum and the bass drum simultaneously, and the selection expires in a grand final cataclysm.

"Such, for the edification of those who have not already made the personal acquaintance of this phenomenon, is a word picture of jazz, done with considerable restraint. In some bands, such as the Negro Orchestras, the jazz experts may wreck their instruments in a different way. The violinists may arise and jig as they play; the drummer may keep time by waving his feet in the air and the horn blowers may

pour their harmony into a little brown jug rather than a tin growler. But the essential features will fit any organization that turns loose a concatenation of sounds evoked by this latest musical craze that has struck a section of New York—and struck it giddy.

"The first dim beginnings of jazz are shrouded in some obscurity, like many vital matters connected with the advancement of the human race. This mixture of acrobatics and cacophony seems first to have taken definite recognized form in this country among the Negroes in the South, just as did ragtime, which incited the colored folk to develop this latest form of rhythmic mania. Lafcadio Hearn, in his creole dictionary, traces the derivation of the word itself back to the Gold Coast of Africa, and most of the tonal scientists along the Great White Way were of the opinion that jazz was something for which the slave traders might be held responsible.

"No less an observer than Lillian Russell advanced the suggestion that Spanish strains brought to this country by way of Cuba, Haiti and Mexico might have influenced the dusky contortionists who first began to weave about in the creative joy of this new form of syncopation. The first hint that there was a variety of chaotic chords which even the indefatigable ragtime composers hadn't tinkered with came to this country several years ago by way of Cuba and the phonograph.

"Mr. Ziegfeld had one of the Cuban Negro shock units caught in its native state of musical wildness, hired a talking machine company to train one of its reproducing instruments on it, and when the 'Midnight Frolic' opened the Dolly Sisters tripped about to music that had the needle in it, since it came from a phonograph record. But no one in this city then seemed to take to the tom-tom style of melodic art, and it never got beyond the wax disk stage.

"But it had already drifted from the Antilles to New Orleans and authorities are practically one in the view that this concord of swift sounds began its infant caterwaulings in this country at the Louisiana city. Inundating the South like a bad break in the Mississippi levee, it was soon rampant in the underworld resorts and gradually worked its way up the river to Chicago, where most persons like their music raw.

"From Chicago it jumped to New York with no intermediate stops and the honor of bringing it here first is

generally accorded to the Dixieland Jazz Band. And since their story and methods are typical of all such typhoons from the South, it might not be amiss to detail here a few of the more sensational facts about them."

HERALD

Boston, Mass.

JAN 30 1917

SING NEGRO SONGS AT THE TUILERIES

Misses Williams and Kilmer Give Pleasing Entertainment to Back Bay Audience—Dr. Sydney L. Gulick Speaks to Peace Women on Japan and Japanese.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL NEWS OF GREATER BOSTON

Miss Louise Alice Williams of Georgia gave a recital of plantation songs and stories at the Tuileries yesterday afternoon, assisted by Miss Rae Kilmer, harpist. The audience was made up largely of Back Bay women.

"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia" and other songs were sung by Miss Kilmer in a delightful, subdued cadence. She accompanied herself on the harp and also supplied skilful accompaniments for Miss Williams's clever imitations of Negro singers, such as "Sis Patsy" at a Methodist camp-meeting and an old mammy crooning a lullaby.

Among her encores was "When a Fiddle Gits to Singing Out," by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, whose admirable preservation of decaying idioms she supplements with her unusual knowledge of the old-time Negro manner and intonation. The daughter of a confederate veteran, she grew up amid live-oaks and traditions. Wearing a beruffled gown of the hoop-skirt period, an heirloom, she recalled yesterday the tinkles of a riddle breaking the stillness of a southern night, wafted across the spaces the perfume of magnolias and touched the imagination with a vision of an old black rose in a red kerchief.

RACE MEMBER AT SCIENCE MEETING

The Amsterdam News
Colored People Represented for First Time in America

1/3/17
FOUR THOUSAND PRESENT

E. Melville Duporte Takes Prominent Part in Convention of American Association for the Advancement of Science

One of the most important events in the peace history of the world was the convention in this city last week of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and its fifty allied societies.

For probably the first time in the history of the Association and of the colored race in America, a colored scientist was present at one of its conventions.

The scientist who represented the race last week among four thousand scientists from all over this country and Canada, is E. Melville Duporte, the boyhood chum of Cyril V. Briggs of this paper, and at present professor in biology at the McDonald College of Canada, one of the largest institutions of learning in the land of "Our Lady of the Snows." Mr. Duporte is the youngest member of the faculty of that college, and is especially engaged in scientific research work.

At the Scientists' Conventions, Mr. Duporte read a paper on the intestinal diseases of the locusts and other insects, captioned "Studies on Coccotholus acridiorum a Herelle and on certain intestinal organisms of locusts." While in this city Mr. Duporte was staying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duporte, 28 West 133rd street, and was the guest at the Lafayette Theatre for "Monte Cristo" and at the Alpha-Lincoln and St. C. Alpha games of his friend, Cyril V. Briggs. He returned to Canada Monday night to be in time for college opening on the 3rd.

W. H. Dixon Dies Suddenly in His Chicago Home

New York News
Prominent Composer, Song Writer, Poet, Whose Genius Was Established and Appreciated
Chicago, Ill., May 16.—The well known composer, song writer and poet, Will H. Dixon, age 39, of 251 West 143rd street, N. Y. City, who for some time has been ill, departed this life Sunday, May 13, at the home of his mother, here, at 5440 Dearborn street.

where for the past six months he has been under the care of a noted specialist. Mr. Dixon was improving nicely with good reports from the doctor that in a short while he would be able to return to his home, when, on May 7, he took a sudden change for the worse. His genius for music was long ago established and appreciated. As a composer he was a success and had clearly proven the possession of the talents of the artist. His ambition was for higher things and he resolutely set himself toward the mark of his high calling. Possessing the fervor of the poet he became engaged in the development of the poet's vision and expression. He was a sweet singer and the author of many popular songs, such as "Lazy Love," "Go Long Mule," etc. He gave promise abundant and gratifying of sufficiently developing a natural, if not complete gift, so as to take his place among acknowledged and respected singers. His "Brazilian Dreams" used in Ziegfeld Follies became famous on Broadway and throughout the modern dance music world.

He was a member of the Frogs and Clef Clubs. Also one of the first colored members of the Author's Composers' and Musicians' Society. He studied abroad for some time and on his return wrote the light opera, "Mimi," which was completed just before his breakdown. Funeral services to be held Sunday, May 20, at Institutional Church, Chicago. He is survived by his wife, formerly Mme. Day of Chicago; mother, sister, and two brothers.



WM. H. DIXON

Popular Composer, Who Died at His Chicago Home Recently.

MANNES RECITAL PLEASED LARGE HAMPTON AUDIENCE

Popular Violinists Performed Before Fifteen Hundred Music

The Journal and Guide
2/10/17

Hampton, Va., Feb. 7. The violin and piano recital which David and Clara Mannes of New York have just given at Hampton Institute was a rare treat for fifteen hundred music lovers.

The Hampton Choral Union, which is composed of all the colored choirs and musical organizations of the Lower Peninsula of Virginia, and which is directed by R. Nathaniel Dett of Hampton Institute, is responsible for bringing Mr. and Mrs. Mannes to Hampton.

The Hampton Institute Choir (fifty voices) and Chorus (nine hundred voices) sang one number each. The program follows:

Program.
Grieg, Sonata in G major, Op. 13; Lento doloroso—Allegro vivace, Allegretto tranquillo, Allegro animato, Mr. and Mrs. Mannes; Handel, Hallelujah Chorus, Hampton Institute Choir; Coleridge-Taylor-Powell, Deep River, Gluck, Aria from Orpheus; Beethoven-Kreisler, Rondino; Cecil Burleigh, From a Wigwam, What the Swallows Told; Kreisler, Old Vienna Waltzes; Mr. and Mrs. Mannes. Elgar, Challenge of Thor; Hampton Institute Choir. Beethoven, Sonata in F major, Op. 24; Allegro, Adagio molto espressivo, Scherzo—Allegro molto, Rondo—Allegro ma non troppo, Mr. and Mrs. Mannes.

THE NEGRO IN ART

Chicago Defender
(In the New York Globe)
What is the future for the American Negro? Is he always going to be a inferior race? Is he never going to emerge from the shadow of his bondage? Perhaps the problem is being solved by "a power not of ourselves," by the deep purpose of nature and her slow process of evolution.

The word problem is not good. There are no social problems, such as a labor or religious problem; such things are conditions to be lived through, instead of puzzles to be worked out.

And perhaps the Negro wants most of all to be let alone. He does not want to be studied as a case, nor patronized nor helped. All he wants is a square deal, equal opportunity, and his just deserts.

An experiment is being tried in New York, consisting of a company of Negro actors who attempt a serious dramatic performance of plays written especially for them and supposed to be peculiarly adapted to their genius.

If a highly cultured and entirely unprejudiced foreigner were to look for

the most interesting theater in the city he would find it here.

For here are real human beings trying to express themselves and not to depict borrowed emotions. It is the best kind of art.

Art consists in the forthputting of one's self. It means doing, with that freedom and naturalness that come only from genius and long practice, the thing I can do better than anybody else.

These Negroes play Negro plays. They are revealing the soul of a people. They are not propagandizing. They do not demand, argue or protest.

They are real artists. No artist has any other aim than to show his soul by his work. There are certain qualities of spirit, certain shades of passion and of conscience, which the Negro can portray better than any other race. There is a pathos, a tenderness, an edge of sympathy, a beauty of loyalty, and a genuineness of simplicity wherein the African excels.

I think the Negro is by nature the race best suited to Christianity.

The Negro has none of that offensive and hard pride that stains the Caucasian. He is the exact opposite of the Prussian.

In the great democracy of art, where the prejudices of race or speech disappear, and where "each shall paint the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are," the Negro is welcome.

I was strangely moved by this performance. I felt as if I were witnessing by far the most significant effort at self-expression I had seen for a long time anywhere.

It was something new, something remarkable, something altogether fine and real.

A Negro, like anybody else, can be nothing so interesting, so great, so artistic, as himself.

MISSOURI POET WINS HIGH HONOR

Kansas City Sun
Contributor to The Sun is Praised by Great Literary Critic—Poem in the Crisis Attracts Wide Attention.

Roscoe C. Jamison of St. Joseph, a special contributor to the Sun, whose writings have already won for him an enviable place among the literary lights of the middle-west, is now the recipient of a distinction that gives him a seat among the recognized poets of America. His masterful poem "Negro Soldiers," which appears in the September number of *The Crisis*, published first by "The Sun," has caused its author to be showered with letters of congratulation from all parts of the country. Especially was he surprised to receive a letter from a man conceded to be one of America's foremost literary critics, and himself a poet of the first class, William Stanley Braithwaite, of Boston, Mass., whose favor is eagerly sought by the best writers of verse, in which Mr. Jamison is flatteringly praised for his achievement, and informing him that the "Crisis" poem will be given a place in the 1917 Anthology of Magazine Verse, and Year Book of American Poetry, which is a yearly compilation of the best verse published in

American magazines, such as Harper's, Scribner's, etc. This will be the first poem selected from the "Crisis" for the Anthology, in fact the first lines written by a Negro to be reproduced by it during the ten years of its publication.

MERCURY HERALD

SAN JOSE, CALIF.

JAN 27 1917

Negro Poet Lectures at College of Pacific

Tells Students of Early Struggles and Ambitions for Higher Education in Life.

Mr. Edward Smyth Jones, a negro poet, who has been in San Jose for several weeks, addressed the student assembly at the College of the Pacific on Friday morning. He told in interesting fashion something of the story of his struggles for an education and for engaging in the type of writing for which he has considerable talent.

It was a pathetic story, told with real human interest, of the Mississippi boy who longed for more schooling and wider opportunity and thought that if he could only get to the north the way would easily open. He has met with countless disappointments and has struggled on alone, bearing with the cheerful spirit characteristic of his race the ostracism that has so often been his fate.

His story is the story of many of his race, and while Mr. Jones agrees that Booker Washington's ideal of industrial efficiency for the negro is, in the main, right, he pleads for recognition for those of his people who can prove their ability to do something higher than manual labor. His ambition is to found a periodical devoted to the interests of his people, where negro writers of every kind may find a medium of expression.

After telling his life story, Mr. Jones read several of his own poems, the one of greatest merit being "An Ode to Ethiopia." And he concluded with readings from Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Mr. Jones has published one volume of verse and is probably best known as the author of "The Sylvan Cabin, a Centenary Ode on the Birth of Lincoln."

New York Age
A few weeks ago Joseph H. Douglass, the violinist, gave a private recital in Altoona, Pa., and the Altoona Tribune published the following account of Mr. Douglass' appearance, which was written by the "Observer":

The Observer and Advertising Manager Crawford were given a rare treat on Thursday afternoon, when we were invited by F. A.

Winter to visit his store and hear a private recital by Joseph H. Douglass, a colored violinist, who had given a recital in this city Wednesday evening under the auspices of the National Benefit Association, in Stehle's Hall. We learned while there that Mr. Winter and W. F. Gable were the only white men at the recital and both were enthusiastic.

Mr. Douglass is a native of Washington, D. C., where his father is employed as a clerk by the Government. Mr. Schwarzman, the obliging salesman at Winter's store, recalls having met the elder Douglass many times in a music store in Washington. The violinist is a grandson of Frederick Douglass, the noted colored orator, and in his manner and presence, Mr. Douglass proved himself every inch a gentleman as well as a finished artist.

It was a great privilege to hear him and we were also agreeably impressed with his sense of modesty. He is a credit to the colored race and is an example of what may be accomplished under difficult odds. He was accompanied on the piano by his wife, who re-

TACOMA WASH. LEDGER

JULY 15, 1917

NEGRO COMPOSER HEARD

Of many interest in music circles is the visit of the young negro composer, Lena James Douglas of Chicago, who is spending a few days in Tacoma while in the west visiting her father, Dr. C. N. Douglas, presiding elder of the Puget Sound conference of African Methodist churches. Miss Douglas is a graduate of the Chicago Musical college and has devoted special attention to composition in which she has attained considerable note thru her use of the racial characteristics of the music of the colored people. Her songs are frequently used by singers of distinction on their concert programs and she is now attempting more ambitious compositions for piano solo use. Altho primarily a pianist, Miss Douglas sings artistically, her contralto voice being especially suited to the simple, appealing compositions such as those of Carrie Jacobs Bond. She was entertained last evening at the home of Mrs. J. Q. Mason, where she delighted a company of guests with her music. She will sing this evening at the African Methodist church. Miss Douglas will resume her studies at the Chicago Musical college in the fall, specializing in composition in her work for advanced degrees.

N.Y.C. SUN

JULY 11, 1917

An Official Source Open.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In reply to the letter signed R. Seymour Mellin, asking for information regarding the musical compositions of H. T. Burleigh, the American negro composer, and S. Coleridge Taylor, the English negro composer: Upon application at 14 East Forty-third street, the undersigned will be pleased to afford all the information required.

G. RICORDI & Co.
New York, July 10.